

The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXIII. No. 1619.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1960

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An iceberg shaped like a castle in the Antarctic: see 'The World's Changing Climate' by H. H. Lamb on page 613

Scientists: Gentlemen or Players?

By John Ziman

Style in Indian Politics

By Bruce Miller

MacArthur: Hero or Prima Donna?

By Sir Brian Horrocks

The World We Have Lost

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What Does Architecture Mean to You?

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The Listener

Vol. LXIII. No. 1619

Thursday April 7 1960

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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Scientists: Gentlemen or Players?

By JOHN ZIMAN

CAN you pay a man to think? 'In modern science the era of the primitive church is passing, and the era of the Bishop is upon us. Indeed the heads of great laboratories are very much like Bishops, with their association with the powerful in all walks of life, and the dangers they incur of the carnal sins of pride and lust for power'. That vivid simile is attributed to a great scholar, a Cardinal Archbishop among scientists, the late John von Neumann. It sharpens into a sword-blade one of the great questions that our society will soon have to face: can the fact that scientific research is now pursued in permanent institutions manned by highly trained professionals be reconciled with its being necessarily the vocation of the unusual individual?

Let us not doubt that scientific professionalism is already with us. Look at the Sunday newspapers with their pages of advertisements of jobs for physicists, chemists, and engineers. Look at the terms of these appointments: 'Senior Principal Scientific Officer'; 'not less than £1,800 per annum'; 'salary according to age and experience'; 'contributory superannuation scheme available'. What have these strange phrases got to do with our traditional image of a scientist—Darwin in his cramped cabin on the 'Beagle', or resting deep in thought on a couch in his country home; Newton isolated in the country by the plague, or hearing the clocks chime out over Trinity Great Court; Pasteur struggling with rabid dogs; Green, the miller; Lavoisier, the tax farmer; Dalton, the schoolmaster? These men were not paid to do research. They were great scientists because their minds were on fire, because they could not help themselves, any more than

Francis of Assisi could avoid being a saint, or the Brontës avoid writing novels.

Professor Stephen Toulmin, as befits a philosopher, sees this professionalism as a threat to the *intellectual* content of science.* He fears a softening of thought into orthodoxy and conservatism, and the loss of the high spirit of adventure and originality. This may be a danger, but I confess I do not see it. Indeed 'originality' has become the only scientific virtue, and careful execution of difficult work is scarcely recognized or rewarded. In my view the dangers to science are more subtle and yet more mundane, more personal and yet more social. They have to do with the sort of people that scientists are, the houses they live in, the salaries they enjoy, the education they get, the jobs they hold down, rather than with the sort of ideas they permit themselves to think. The symptoms are of a social, institutional malady, that could take the joy out of scientific work while still leaving it more or less capable of its official task.

For example, what sort of people become scientists nowadays? Surely not just those who are born to it, those like the Elephant's Child with a 'satiating curiosity', those with a pathological inability to believe what they are told. The young men and women who are taking those highly paid, pensionable, graded posts are not social oddities but normal, capable, well-adjusted persons, setting up in respectable positions, hoping to make for themselves an honourable place in the world. It is a career open to the talents, like medicine, or the church, or the bar. Let me not suggest that they are governed by mere worldly ambition. A competent scientist with a doctor's degree can make perhaps £1,500 a year

in his thirties; for the same effort one would do much better as an accountant, or a solicitor, or a bookmaker. The struggle for the most esteemed posts is intense, and few get to the very top. No, they are borne along by the flood of romantic idealism about science that swept through our society in the wake of Mr. H. G. Wells. Tens of thousands of schoolboys have no idea in their heads but that they too will split the atom or ride on a rocket round the moon. Ask the average science student what he wants to do, and he will say 'Research' in the same tone, one fancies, as in the twelfth century he would have said 'Crusade'. As he sees it, science is an interesting and honourable profession, to be contrasted with what he believes to be the drabness of school teaching and municipal engineering, or the moral uncertainties of advertising and journalism.

A Modicum of Intelligence

All the same, enthusiasm and moral virtue are not enough; a certain modicum of intelligence is also required. Here is our sole criterion for entry into the profession: the ability to leap nimbly over all those hurdles—eleven-plus, O-level, A-level, college scholarship, triposes, and degrees—that we put in the way of our aspiring mandarins. Formal intelligence is a necessary quality in a scientist, although there are interesting cases of distinguished scholars who did badly at examinations, and we should be most careful not to set up watertight barriers against the exceptional man.

Unfortunately, skill at answering questions and solving problems is not the only intellectual virtue needed in research. There are other ingredients of temperament and intellect—tenacity, concentration, energy, imagination, insight, curiosity, and so on—which cannot be detected so easily, and which may only appear when a man actually settles down to a research problem. In theory all these are tested in those few years when he is a research student. He will show by the presentation of a thesis that he is capable of making a substantial contribution to knowledge, whereupon he is awarded the misleading title of Doctor of Philosophy, and released on the public.

See now the problem we face in our big graduate schools. Every young man with a good science degree claims the right to do research, and there is money to support him. With no way of testing their ability for research beforehand, we must take them all, and give them the training they demand. In principle, each student should be given facilities and a certain amount of inspiration from some great leader of research, and then be left to find and solve his own problems. This traditional method of learning to swim by jumping in and nearly drowning is certainly an excellent way of selecting the born scientists; but unfortunately not many of our masses of merely talented students could survive the ordeal by water. Moreover, even the best scholars can benefit from more formal instruction. The growth of knowledge requires each generation to 'stand on the shoulders of its predecessors, and see a little further', as Newton put it. We are training men now for a career of forty years of science; they must have a broad foundation of knowledge to appreciate all the advances that will come in those forty years.

Eased into a Comfortable Career?

Thus the years as a research student are a compromise, and a rigorous test of ability for research is never made. We set our students problems they can do, we help them with hints and advice, and, in the end, we 'get them through' their Ph.D.s. There is a tremendous demand for men with doctorates, with this professional certificate of competence, this master-mariner's ticket, this apprentice's diploma; who are we to deny a man a comfortable career if somebody is prepared to employ him? At best, our research student may have acquired something of a scientific conscience, a doubting demon always ready to see the errors in every measurement and the fallacies in every brilliant idea that springs into his mind. At worst, we may have taught him a technical trick or two that he can go on repeating like a nervous tic.

After the doctorate there are more years of effort and struggle before one becomes established in this highly competitive profession. Achievement now is measured in published work, so that

our journals are bloated with the honey of 100,000 research-worker bees each trying desperately to make his name. Let me not digress upon this subject: the problem of finding out what has actually been published, the responsibilities of referees and editors, the irresponsibilities of some publishers, the incoherence of authors, the rubbish that gets accepted, the nonsense one has to read, the preprints and reprints and letters and private communications and references and review papers and research notes, and all the other technical business that goes with scientific publishing. Suffice to say that publication is essential to science; because it is also the main measure of professional standing it has become like pea soup, concealing the very morsels of truth that make it nourishing.

Suppose that, by the time he is thirty, our clever young man has 'arrived', whether by a single brilliant discovery or by a series of able papers each making a distinct advance. He will then enter into the international community which is the modern equivalent of the guild of scholars that once united Christendom. He will fly round the world to attend conferences, he will be asked to write books and review articles, he will lecture here and there for a fancy fee, and even appear on television. There may be offers of glittering jobs, and a tussle over his body and brain between one university and another. This is perhaps the gravest peril of professionalism. In the United States the 'star' system is already well developed, and scientific integrity is seriously threatened by the corruption of limitless wealth and power in the gift of government and private industry. In this country we have the advantage of non-material rewards for ambition—college fellowships, professorial chairs, the Royal Society, knighthoods, and all the other trappings of status that our society so delicately provides. But we also know how to ruin a man for science by giving him a job with more 'responsibility', more men and money to command, more committees to bother with, more administrative decisions to clog the mind. Did we not make the incomparable Newton into a Top Civil Servant?

Work for Everyone

But if the bright lights of success or fame are only for a gifted few, there is work for everyone. There is no reservoir of disgruntled, under-employed professionals, as among actors and barristers, grimly hanging on, hoping for jobs. Those with the ability to solve practical problems reap rich rewards in applied science and technology. Others may be content to work in a team, to be the agents of more powerful minds. Gone are the days when, with sealing wax, string, and a modest skill at glass blowing, one could make deep and devastating raids into the unknown. The easily exploited regions are all invaded, and we can progress now only with complicated and expensive machines: cyclotrons, electron microscopes, moon rockets, nuclear reactors, digital computers, and all the gadgets, services, and technicians of a large laboratory. Big battalions are needed; even if every private carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack we cannot now be like South American armies, all generals and colonels. The graduate scientist, with his doctor's degree, ceases to be an independent artist, and shades off into the engineer, the technologist, the craftsman with skill and experience but a circumscribed realm of work. Taken in the proper spirit, these jobs are interesting and noble. There is the satisfaction of achieving one's own part, of having done good work, of not having let down the team. Yet this admirable spirit does not come easily to a man whose training was in a different mould; the whole mystique of the professional scientist is individualistic, and his main virtue is supposed to be his sturdy independence of spirit.

Then there are some who never really enjoy research, and who should get out of it. But professionalism breeds pride and snobbery, so that it is difficult to admit that one would be happier teaching school, selling radio sets, or making money. With our M.Sc.s and our B.A.s and our Ph.D.s we are labelled as dedicated, and it would be almost as defrocked priests that we would go out into the wide world and take ordinary jobs. What was once a free activity has become a caste.

Thus there is a serious tension between professionalism in science and the free, amateur spirit that must be in the heart of every scientist. There is a contradiction in the idea of deliberately

selecting students for training as scientists. There is a discrepancy between training in research and original research itself. There is an antithesis between ambition for professional success and the disinterested search for truth. There is antipathy between the team spirit and the freedom of the individual to follow his bent.

Some of these tensions are inevitable, and none of them is fatal to scientific knowledge, which has an astonishing power of survival in adverse circumstances. But we must be realistic about the problems and learn to live with them. We must, to some extent, tame the wild romanticism of our students, and let them see the scientific life as it really is. We must select and train them carefully, neither spoon-feeding the able nor encouraging

the pretensions of the weak. We must not give pure-research jobs to those who lack the proper inner sources of intellectual energy. We must take routine tasks off the minds of the best researchers, setting them free for their true vocation. We must curb the corruptions of wealth and power, that can make scholars into the performing apes and courtly fools of princely governments and corporations. Above all, we must remember that scientific enquiry can never be a job, to be performed at piece rates or by the hour: it is a free activity of the human mind, fascinating, dangerous, and exciting, to be done for its own sake. It is a drug for which some men have no taste, yet which is, for a few, the food and drink of life itself.—*Third Programme*

Style in Indian Politics

By BRUCE MILLER

THE Lok Sabha, the lower house of the Indian central parliament, looks much more like the House of Representatives in Canberra than the House of Commons in London. The colour of the seats is the same; so is the semi-circular arrangement around the Speaker's chair; and the same method has been followed of giving each member a seat and a desk. The tone of debate, and the frequent interventions of the Speaker, are more like the free and easy ways of an Australian parliament than the basic formality of the House of Commons.

Yet New Delhi and Canberra both owe a great deal to Westminster; in fact, an Indian M.P. said to me: 'We take everything from the House of Commons except our hours of debate'. The Lok Sabha sits from eleven in the morning until five in the afternoon, without a break, to fit in with Indian eating habits and the tempo of social life in the Indian capital. Apart from that, the procedural differences from the House of Commons are very slight indeed. Question-time is important; bills go through the same three readings; parties have whips in the same way, and so on. Furthermore, nearly all the speeches are in English, and they often refer to British standards and practices. A speech will carry more weight if it includes the right kind of British reference. I had not been half an hour in the Lok Sabha before someone made an admiring reference to Harold Laski. I might have expected it, but I would not have bet on its coming forward so soon and so pat.

There is, in fact, ample evidence that the Lok Sabha is modelled on the House of Commons. That suggests that there must be considerable similarity between British and Indian politics, if both can express themselves through the same instrument. But one does not have to be long in India to see that this is not the case. Many of the matters talked about are different from those in Britain; that is to be expected, and one makes allowance for it. But one soon realizes that there are substantial differences in political style. By this I mean the general mode of politics, the characteristic way of acting in pursuit of political objectives and in carrying on the government which conveys to the outsider an impression of a country's political personality. It is made up not only of procedures, but also of aims and assumptions and understand-

ings. There is a French political style which has room for both M. Mendès-France and General de Gaulle, and an American style which can accommodate Huey Long and Adlai Stevenson.

The elements of the British style in politics are not difficult to list. There is, to begin with, a general assumption that there are two sides in politics and that sensible men range themselves on one or the other. Two main parties are regarded as normal, and it is considered that they will agree on a good many things; certainly the two front benches often have more in common with one another than with their own back benches. They agree not only on the main lines of foreign and domestic policy but also on what issues to avoid. They try to keep religion out of politics, and not to commit themselves on a wide range of social issues which might cut across the lines of economic division which the parties find easiest to preserve.

The elements of style include also certain understandings about the process of government. It is assumed that the Prime Minister and his Cabinet will have a free hand to do as they see fit, so long as they keep to the rules. There is no prior agreement on what all the rules are, but if some action of a government causes widespread commotion among the London clubs, the higher civil service, and in parliament itself, the rules are thought to have been broken. In due course someone is found who will keep them. Along with this goes the responsibility of ministers which absolves the Queen on the one hand and the civil service on the other.

Such a style depends for its effectiveness upon a relatively small group of people keeping their differences within fairly close limits. They are sustained by a sense of public service and by a careful calculation—not always successful—of what the public will stand. To some extent the style is that of sleight-of-hand: the politics which reaches the headlines is important, but so is the politics of the people in the know.

India also has the characteristic British procedures; how does the style differ? Above all, there is a much more dramatic quality about Indian politics. In part this is due to the Hindu temperament, which enjoys shows and festivals and public performances. But it is also largely due to the independence



Pandit Nehru addressing a session of the Lok Sabha

movement. British parties are always talking about a crusade for this and a fight for that; but they do not mean it in the way that Indian parties do. It is, as it were, a positive relief for Indian politicians when they find a cause on which moral indignation can be vented. The Portuguese in Goa, the Chinese in Ladakh, the refusal of the government to split Bombay State into two, the British at Suez, the Communists in Kerala: issues such as these provide the special flavour of Indian political life, largely because they recall the days when there was a single concrete objective to pursue and when the pursuit could be exalted as a moral crusade.

Present-day India, as a political unit, is the product of the struggle for independence, and its politics uses the language and would, if it could, use the procedures of those days too. The Congress, which is still the main political force in India, was the instrument of independence. Gandhi is everywhere acclaimed as the father of the nation, and his precepts are thought to be those which the nation should follow, in spite of being hard to apply to the problems of a sovereign state. Neither the pre-independence Congress nor Gandhi himself was parliamentary in style. Both were dramatic in the sense that they depended for effect upon impressing large numbers of people and propounding distant ideals rather than immediate measures.

By now Congress has become an instrument for parliamentary government, and Gandhi has been dead for twelve years. But the need for moral fervour survives. It shows itself whenever an issue other than the day-to-day problems of government appears. The temperature goes up, the sense of mass participation gathers head, the ordinary party lines dissolve, and soon someone may be hurt. In Bombay State all the other parties dropped their differences to combine against the Congress on the issue of a splitting of the State on linguistic grounds; in Kerala all the other parties, including Congress, dropped their differences to combine against the Communists. In both cases there was violence as well as parliamentary agitation. The British style in critical situations is to play things down, keep the crowds moving if crowds assemble, and to ask a parliamentary question. There are two Indian styles which merge with one another: one is to argue furiously and dramatically in parliament and then stage a walk-out; the other is to go on hunger-strike or overturn a bus.

This is the chief sense in which Indian style differs from British, and the important thing about it is that it does not provide the same decisive opportunities for a group of insiders as the British style does. In this it is connected with another aspect of style involving the political parties. I said that in Britain we expect a good deal of basic agreement between the parties. This is not so in India. It is partly a matter of scale. Congress is so much more important than the others, and cannot divest itself of its role as the instrument of independence. It still thinks of itself, and is thought of by a great many people, as the natural government of the country. The strongest party opposed to it, the Communist Party, is emphatically not agreed with it on fundamentals. The others—the Jan Sangh, the Socialists and Praja Socialists, the Swatantra Party, and the rest—have a good deal in common with Congress and are largely composed of men who have broken away from it. But they do not cut much ice.

For better or worse, Congress is on its own. It has to be itself what Bagehot called the political nation; and this means that it lacks some of the stabilizing influence of responsible criticism from elsewhere in the circle of the political nation which a governing party experiences in Britain. The consequences for style are that the Congress presents a constant picture of self-examination and recrimination, of post-mortems and self-assurances. It is a

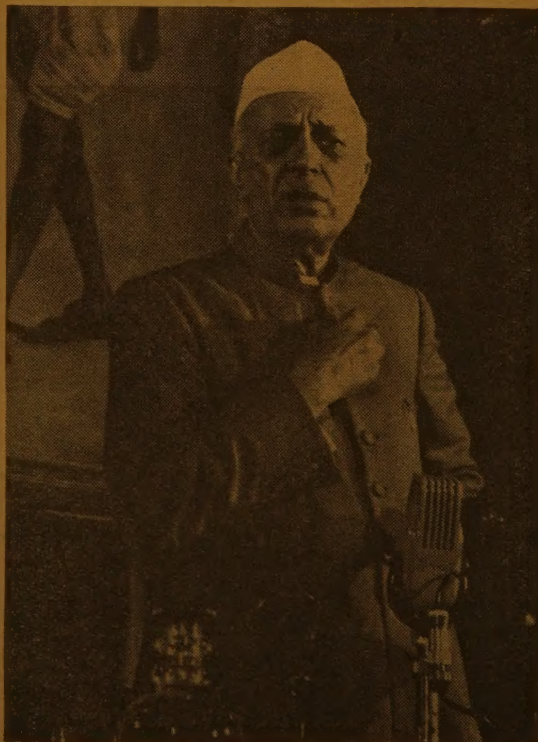
febrile body which responds to pleas and scoldings from Mr. Nehru, and then sinks back into the normal rhythm of everyday life, only to be fired again into enthusiasm or despair when the next crisis comes. Because of its past, because of the expectations laid upon it, and because of the heavy responsibilities it bears, it is more feverish and demonstrative, more constantly disturbed by self-analysis, than any British party has to be—even the Labour Party.

The Congress's peculiar role adds a complication to Indian political life in regard to those rules of the political game which I have mentioned as operating in Britain. Here the rules of ministerial behaviour are by now fairly well known, and if new ones have to be made, the limits within which they will operate are pretty clear. But in India the rules are still being made as Mr. Nehru and the Congress go along. This has both a general and a particular application to political style. At a general level it means that Mr. Nehru's part as Prime Minister is obscured by his role as the successful leader of the independence movement. He speaks as a prophet to the great crowds who come to hear him; it is not at all like Mr. Macmillan, who sounds like a staid family lawyer in comparison. Mr. Nehru speaks more in the spirit of General de Gaulle at those times when he tells Frenchmen that he has been the symbol of French legitimacy for twenty years. Mr. Nehru does not boast. He is humble and earnest in his appeals. But he sounds like more than a parliamentarian. It is true that since independence he has made himself a parliamentarian, and a very good one; but his role in India is primarily that of the embodiment of the national movement.

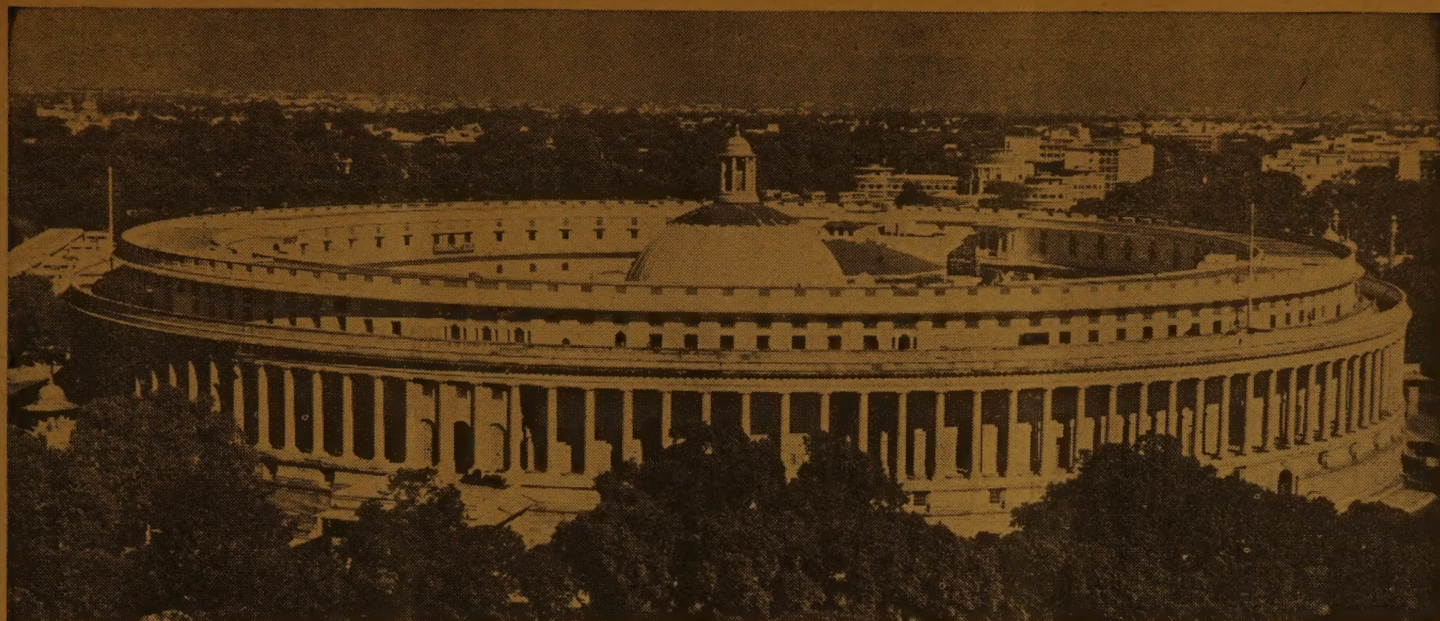
We do not treat our Prime Ministers like this; if it looks as if we might, people get alarmed. The British style is to give the Prime Minister great power but keep him anchored to a cabinet and a party and beyond that to the political nation. The anchor broke in 1956; it is in position again now. In India it is the other way round. Congress is anchored to Mr. Nehru, not he to it. Policy is consequently much more personal. Mr. Nehru can make his own rules, because, in a way, he invented the game. Certainly the game—by which I mean the normal conduct of independent Indian politics—is not centuries old, as with the British, but began in earnest only twelve years ago. Mr. Nehru and his ministers are still making their own rules.

The particular application of this is the fact that the idea of ministerial responsibility has not taken hold in India as it has here. I speak with some caution, since there has in fact been one outstanding political controversy over ministerial responsibility.

Nevertheless, India is still suffering the consequences of having been, before independence, the biggest bureaucracy in the world, meaning by bureaucracy, government by officials. Except for a short time in the provinces in the nineteen-thirties, there were no elected ministers to take responsibility; high officials took it themselves, subject only to a shadowy Secretary of State at Westminster. Indian departments were more accustomed to doing what they liked than British departments, and Indian politicians were not accustomed to the idea that one day they might have to take responsibility for what those departments were doing. When independence came, the departments remained. The Congress leaders arrived as ministers, but it was not possible to create immediately that mutual trust which exists as a matter of course between British ministers and their departments. It has not been fully created yet. While I was in New Delhi, Mr. Nehru made a torrid attack on the central Public Works Department for its set ways, its unimaginative methods, and its arrogance towards the public. He might still have been talking about the department under the British. In a



Pandit Nehru 'speaks as a prophet . . . humble and earnest in his appeals'



The Parliament House, Delhi, which contains the Upper and Lower Houses and the Supreme Court

J. Allan Cash

way he was, because the department had not changed much. But nobody seemed to find it odd that he was attacking a department supposed to operate under a responsible minister and a cabinet of which he was the head.

In the light of what I have said, it might be asked whether parliament, as an institution, really has much importance in India. I think it has. Educated Indians give it a very high place indeed. There are two main reasons for this. One is that most of their business, professional, and political organizations are based on British models, and they think of parliament as the summit of British institutions. The other reason is that educated Indians have a strong sense of legitimacy and constitutionalism. They know that there is much incipient violence in Indian society, and they want to have means of peaceful, constitutional change which will obviate the need for violence. In addition, they are greatly seized with the idea of the rule of law. They want things to be done in the proper manner.

There was, for example, endless argument over whether the central government was acting legitimately in dismissing the Communist government in Kerala. A man who opposed the government's action was not necessarily in sympathy with the Communists; often he was strongly opposed to them, but he was not satisfied that the government's action had been entirely constitutional. All this is not to deny what I have said about the influence of non-parliamentary methods in the independence movement, and the present-day attraction of these to many people. It is simply to say that parliament appeals to a great many educated Indians as the most effective means of peaceful change that they can see.

Apart from procedures and the way they are operated, differences in political issues also cause differences of style between India and Britain. Unlike the British parties, which agree to smother contentious religious and social questions, the Indian parties are more interested in social issues than in anything else. The treatment of the scheduled castes, the question of prohibition of alcoholic drinks, the language question, family planning, the payment of excessive dowry, the slaughter of cows: these are the things that excite the most ardent political spirits, whether they wish to change the existing state of affairs or preserve it. The British style here is to let sleeping dogs lie; the Indian is to stir them up and make them the object of national debate. The Indians have economic arguments too, of course, and these cause a further difference in style, slight perhaps but none the less important. All Indian economic arguments now proceed within the framework of assumptions of five-year planning and of specific targets of production and development. The nearest the British style gets to this is to make 'sacred cows' of full employment and a favourable balance of payments, leaving the rest of the economy to proceed unplanned.

In general, the British style in politics is suited to cosy understandings between the politicians, the civil servants, and educated people generally. It is oligarchical and confidential, but is redeemed by the sense of public service in the politicians and by the breadth and variety of the political nation. Politics is dull but safe. In India everything is more exciting but closer to the brink of emotion. The Prime Minister is not only the Prime Minister; he is the chosen heir of the father of the nation. The governing party is not only the governing party; it is the instrument of independence. The opposition is not an alternative government, in the government's confidence on vital matters; it is composed of a revolutionary party which has already used violence without success, and a cluster of splinter parties which cannot win elections.

Ministers and civil servants are in a more uncertain relationship, political issues are more personal and volatile. The Indian style is more dramatic, and the drama played is more transpontine than the British reiteration of a political 'Mrs. Dale's Diary'. But how could it be otherwise? The stage is so much vaster, the scenery so much more exotic, the actors imbued with such different sentiments. The welcome surprise is that the drama preserves so many of the British conventions.

One might ask whether Indian experience in evolving a special political style and keeping this in consonance with parliamentary government is any guide to what will happen in other new countries, especially in Africa. Anyone who has been to India will be cautious in answering. To some extent the position is clear: wherever there is a unified national movement, it will have some difficulty in adjusting itself to parliamentary conditions, and will tend to equate the decisions of the mass party with the will of the people. Beyond that, what can one say?

For a country to repeat the Indian pattern, it would have to duplicate the depth and range of the Indian contact with Britain, which produced so many British-type institutions in so many fields, and such sentiments as the regard for the rule of law which I have mentioned; it would also have to go through similar traumas to those of independence and partition. There are important elements such as the degree of competence of the civil service, the existence of a numerically large educated class, the common heritage of Hindu traditions. Even if all these things were to be duplicated, one would still expect a different style to emerge from another country, with its own special circumstances and demands, and its own attitude to procedures.—*Third Programme*

The Political Ideas of English Imperialism was the title of the inaugural lecture given by Eric Stokes on becoming Professor of History at the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland and now published (Oxford, 4s.)

The Listener



BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1960

The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

Soldiers and Politics

THIS week General Douglas MacArthur came out of hospital after a serious operation and said he was feeling fine. Last January he quietly celebrated his eightieth birthday; but before that, it was reported, he had retired into isolation in a Park Avenue hotel; he has written no memoirs. In his latest talk in the 'Men of Action' series given in B.B.C. Television (the text of which is published on another page) Sir Brian Horrocks discusses the career of this truly remarkable if sometimes forgotten figure. It is perhaps too early to decide upon his precise historical place as a soldier, but it can scarcely be doubted that he was a great general: for whatever he may have owed to others—to the American navy in particular—his was the responsibility for many of the actions which led to the victory over Japan. In the end he was dismissed by President Truman because of political differences, because he overstepped the border between soldiering and politics. But the 'ticker-tape' reception that he had when he returned from the Far East to his native land disclosed what ordinary people thought of his military services: to them he was a hero.

In the United States—a military, but not a militaristic nation—the successful soldier has always been a hero and has frequently attained to the highest political position. The first President, General Washington, was a soldier; so too was another considerable President, Andrew Jackson. Other Presidents were General Grant and General Benjamin Harrison, while Theodore Roosevelt won admiration for his part in the Spanish-American war. General Eisenhower, whom most people over here would not rate as highly as a strategist as Douglas MacArthur, earned two terms as President and was even elected when his own party made no impression upon Congress. But in all these cases the soldier did not become a politician until his fighting days were over. What has rarely been tolerated in modern democracies is for a man to be simultaneously a soldier and a politician.

In British history the soldier has much less often successfully entered politics than in the United States. It is true that the first Duke of Marlborough was a leading member of Queen Anne's Cabinet, although in the end the dichotomy brought about his fall. The first Duke of Wellington became Prime Minister, but when his soldiering had finished and in the time before modern democracy had been established. Undoubtedly it has been an advantage for a general to hold a leading political position while a war is in progress, for war and politics are always inextricably mixed: Caesar, Alexander, Napoleon, Stalin are cases in point. The impartial historian might perhaps claim that many of the muddles and losses in modern democratic wars—from the American Civil War to the last world war—were brought about by the differences between the politicians and the soldiers. Indeed that may be one of the prices we have paid for democracy. Certainly where this system exists the soldiers who (like General George Monck) bow to the civil power are more likely to earn subsequent reward. Those who do not bow run the danger of becoming forgotten men.

Geoffrey Stode, C.B.E., retired last week from the post of General Manager B.B.C. Publications after 35 years service in the Corporation. He was a good friend to THE LISTENER which extends its thanks and good wishes to him.

What They Are Saying

A vigilant eye on the troops

MR. KHRUSHCHEV's recent decision to cut the number of Soviet soldiers by 1,200,000 has evidently raised certain problems in connexion with the Russian armed forces. Radio Volga, broadcasting to the troops, has had a good deal to say on these problems. During a radio 'lecture' an officer named Shimlyak said:

Soldiers must be made to understand the ideological wealth contained in the historic decision of the Supreme Soviet (which fixed the cuts in the armed forces) and in Comrade Khrushchev's speech at the session. Every serviceman should be aware that in connexion with the forces' reduction, the responsibility of those remaining in the ranks has increased. The combat strength of the army and navy, and their ability to defend the freedom of the Soviet homeland and the cause of communism, should not diminish as a result of the reduction; they should be intensified. The Russian military lecturer indicated that one of the fields under scrutiny is that of political education in the armed forces. He declared that the vast majority of officers are studying the history of the Russian Communist Party as well as Marxist-Leninist philosophy; but he then went on to say:

However, there is still formalism in the conduct of political studies for officers. Often lectures and seminar-studies are totally divorced from life and from the officers' practical tasks. Dogmatism in theoretical studies is still quite widespread.

Political studies for soldiers and N.C.O.s have improved. One third of the soldiers and N.C.O.s study the history of the Russian Communist Party. This requires that commanders, political workers, and Party and Komsomol organizations should give more attention to the conduct of political studies for soldiers and N.C.O.s. But in some units not enough attention is given to work with political study-groups under Party propagandists. Instead of regular seminar-studies only superficial instruction is given. Another broadcast quoted a Soviet military journal for the following significant criticism of the conduct of certain commanders, who are evidently seen as throwing their weight about unduly in relation to the Party organizations with which they are supposed to be co-operating:

Drawing support from the Party organization and directing its activity does not mean commandeering it. Violations of the rights of Party members and the slightest attempt to commandeer the Party organization must not be tolerated. We still have commanders who forget Party instructions and fail to keep in mind the great force and potential of Party organizations for carrying out military preparation plans.

In yet another transmission from Radio Volga some concern was shown regarding conduct and discipline in the Soviet forces in Germany. The latter were specifically named in a lecture by a Russian military lawyer who continued:

We still have among us persons who are not fully aware of the high honour of being a Soviet serviceman, and who violate laws, military regulations and the oath, as well as the norms of communist morality. There are not many such; but they exist. The Soviet lecturer went on to discuss methods of 'fighting crime and law-violation', which are 'in operation in our Group of Armed Forces in Germany'. These methods, he said, are based on 'social participation' and include discussion, at Komsomol (Party Youth organization) meetings, of immoral actions; also meetings of officers and N.C.O.s to discuss mistakes by officers in educating their subordinates; and mobilization of personnel to help both in uncovering crimes and with 'corrective work'.

A transmission from China gave the following picture of springtime in Tibet:

Daybreak every day finds the fields in Tibet alive with peasants driving their oxen with scarlet streamers decorating their horns. On the edge of the fields rises the white smoke of burning pine. These Tibetan customs symbolize felicitations for the first spring sowing since the peasants' emancipation. In sharp contrast with farming during the dark days under serfdom only a year ago, most of the land in the main agricultural area of Lhasa and Loka has been tilled twice or three times to a depth of from seven inches to more than a foot. The cultivated area has been expanded by over 5,000 acres. Heated competitions are going on among mutual aid teams and individual peasants, many of whom aim to double their crop yield this year. Freed from serfdom, the peasants have expanded the irrigated area by over 30,000 acres.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

CHAMPIONSHIP CHESS

'THE GREAT chess player Capablanca, after beating the American champion, Marshall, with great ease, came to Europe and won the first prize at San Sebastian in 1911, ahead of all the world's best players, except Lasker', said HARRY GOLOBBEK in a talk in Network Three. 'From then until the beginning of the first world war a stream of negotiations took place for a match between Lasker and Capablanca. Bitter quarrels also occurred, and by the time the two met in the international tournament at St. Petersburg they were hardly on speaking terms. Fortunately, a reconciliation took place at the end, when Lasker was first and Capablanca second.

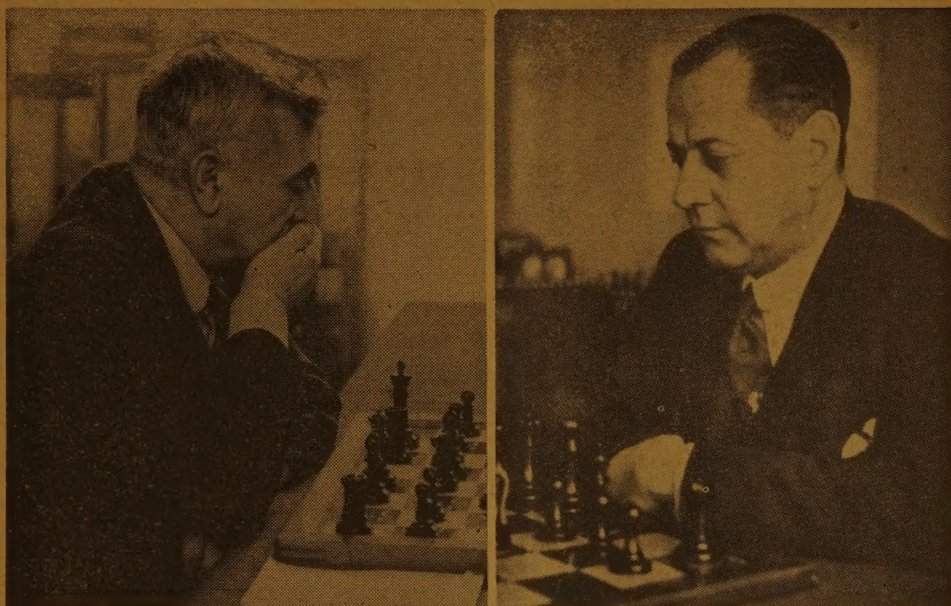
'After the 1914 war negotiations were resumed for a world championship match; but it took two years to arrange. At one moment, Lasker announced he was resigning the title to Capablanca without a match, though he withdrew this curious offer because of the outcry made by the chess world. Eventually, a match of twenty-four games was arranged to take place at Havana in March and April 1921. The first player to win eight games was to win the title. A close struggle was anticipated; in the only tournament in which these two had competed together, St. Petersburg, 1914, Lasker had scored 13½ points and Capablanca 13.

'At first the match went as expected with four draws in a row. Then Lasker lost the fifth, but recovered to score four more draws. The turning point came in the tenth game, which lasted three days and was won by Capablanca in 68 moves. He won the next, drew the following two and won the fourteenth game, after which, with the score standing at Capablanca 4, Lasker 0 and 10 draws, Lasker resigned and Capablanca was world champion'.

BLUFF

Last Sunday DEREK GOODWIN spoke about 'distraction display' in 'Birds in Britain' (Home Service). 'I have twice seen', he said, 'mother ducks—the ordinary wild duck or mallard—lure dogs from their young successfully. Once I was out in the country with a friend and his dog. There was a mallard with eleven small ducklings on a narrow stream ahead of us, hardly more than a ditch. The dog came suddenly on them. He at once leapt down into the water right on top of them. I am sure he could have grabbed a duckling if he had tried, but he did not even notice them as they scattered to all sides. He was too busy swimming as fast as he could after the mother duck, who was threshing and quacking over the water, just in front of his nose.

'As they got further from the brood, who had by now hidden themselves in vegetation along the edge, so the mallard increased the distance, till finally she rose in the air and circled high overhead, still uttering cries of alarm



Emanuel Lasker playing in a chess tournament and (right) J. R. Capablanca studying the board

which had the effect of frightening her young and making them remain in hiding. But the dog had completely forgotten about the ducklings. Indeed in his excitement over their mother he may never even have noticed them. So from that one danger, anyway, they were saved by their mother's distraction display'.

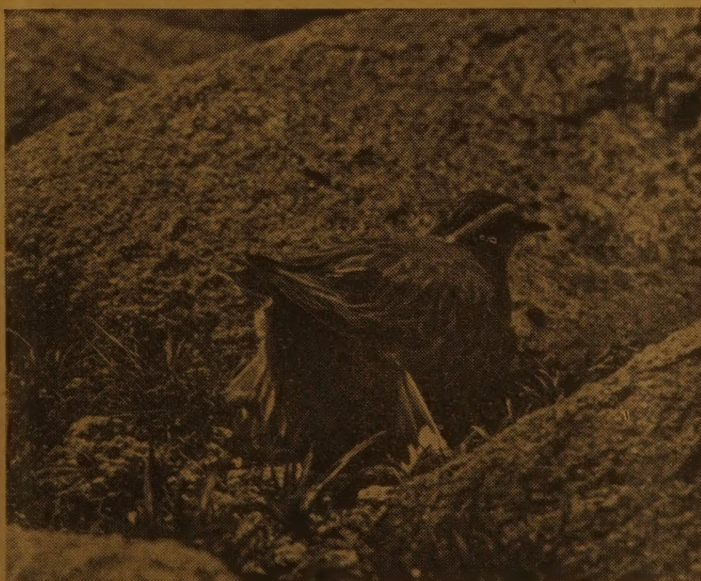
THE END OF SHEERNESS DOCKYARD

For nearly 300 years there has been a naval dockyard at Sheerness in the Isle of Sheppey, but at sunset on March 31 this long association ended, and there was a short closing down ceremony as the Navy officially left the yard. RAY COLLEY, B.B.C. reporter, spoke of the occasion in 'Radio Newsreel' (Light Programme).

'A dockyard closes, a tradition ends, a chapter in history finishes', he said. 'There is nothing particularly poetic about the gaunt naval buildings at Sheerness—the deserted dry dock, store-houses, barracks and workshops; but there is something unmistakably romantic about their associations. Nearly 400 years ago the Royal Navy was repairing its ships there. Before it was a dockyard our sailors careened their ships there—turning them over on their sides to work on the bottoms. Then in 1665 the dockyard was started.

'Samuel Pepys was Secretary to the Navy and, inevitably, he mentioned the dockyard in his diary. He found Sheerness a most proper place for the purpose. In the early days old men-of-war were laid up and beached to form a breakwater round the yard. The workmen and their families lived in these old ships. Since then, Sheerness has grown to a town of 15,000 people, and all kinds of ships have been built, from brigantines, used to suppress the slave trade, to 1,500-ton men-of-war.

'The present buildings and docks date mainly from the beginning of the nineteenth century;



A 'distraction display': a dotterel feigning injury to distract attention from her young

Eric Hosking

they cost £2,500,000. In them were built frigates, sloops, cruisers, torpedo boats, and gunboats. When it was still fashionable to "show the flag" abroad, the gunboats which showed it returned for refits to Sheerness. In its last years, the yard concentrated on refitting frigates, submarines, and minesweepers. The last ship to be refitted there was the "Loch Lomond"—she left for service in the Persian Gulf last year. It is the crews of the Navy's smaller



Sheerness Dockyard on March 31, as the Union Jack was lowered there for the last time

ships, dotted throughout the world at this moment, who will remember Sheerness. They will remember the 2,500 men and boys of the town who used to work there; just as their Lordships of the Admiralty did, they will wish luck to the firm that is going to turn the dockyard into a port and industrial estate.

'When darkness fell a Naval guard-of-honour stood silently on the dockside; a Union Jack was hauled slowly from a tall mast looking out to sea—symbolically it stuck on the crossbar of the yard, but it was soon freed; a Royal Marine Band played *Sunset*. And so the Royal Navy said goodbye to Sheerness'.

ONE-MAN BAND

'You may think that it is rather late to become an international artist at the age of sixty-four', said ALEXIS KORNER in 'Roundabout' (Light Programme), 'but that is precisely what Jesse Fuller has done. In fact, he did not become a fully professional musician until he was in his fifties. It was then that he decided to try his luck, since, as he put it, "All those others were making money singing rock and roll versions of songs I'd known for years".'

'Knowing these odd facts, I was interested to meet him when he arrived for his first British tour this month. But there was something else as well. Jesse Fuller plays four instruments at once: guitar, harmonica, foot cymbal, and an instrument of his own invention—a foot-operated string bass struck by hammer, like a piano—which he calls a "fotdella". When asked why he played this one-man band, Fuller simply explained that he could not find three reliable musicians to work on dates with him. It is this resourcefulness which is the key to his personality.

'Most visiting musicians arrive with one or two suitcases and an instrument. Not Jesse Fuller. He arrived with a packing case containing all those instruments, plus an amplifier and loud-speaker, and a spare guitar. It was all a little bewildering, just as his life has been. At a very early age he was farmed out to foster parents who were far from kind, but he survived. He worked in gangs laying railroad track in Georgia during the 'twenties—that is when he first started to play the guitar properly—and travelled

all over the United States. He has been a cattle herd, track layer, shoe-shine boy, circus hand—he once woke up from a sleep to find an escaped lion leering at him—and a film extra. In this capacity he worked in *The Thief of Baghdad* and in the Pola Negri epic *East of Suez*; he also danced once for Chaplin. He has numbered among his friends Raoul Walsh and Douglas Fairbanks senior both of whom helped him to set up a hot-dog stand inside the United Artists Studios. Then, during the last war, he worked as a welder in a ship-yard and afterwards went to work on a construction gang. But, all this time, he has been playing and singing at home; it has paid off'.

ROMAN CRAFTSMEN

'Near the Pantheon is a tiny shop', said PATRICK SMITH, B.B.C. correspondent in Rome, in 'Today' (Home Service), 'that is little more than a doorway, where an elderly Italian, spectacles awry on the end of his nose, sits crouched over his last, making shoes. If you want to be measured for a pair he first has to clear away shoe-trees and leather, boot-laces and shoe polish from the only other chair available—and even then it is a tight squeeze; but if you talk to this craftsman, you will find out quickly how intensely proud he is of his handiwork.

'There are many such craftsmen tucked away in the side streets of Rome. There is one small street in the centre of the capital given up almost entirely to the craft of basket-making in all its forms. Nearby there is another road given over to the more melancholy craft of wreath-making: this is called the Via dei Coronari.

'The sight of craftsmen at their skilled work is one of the minor rewards for walking round Rome. There is the man who specializes in making bird-cages—not just the cubic, functional

cages, but splendidly baroque affairs with swirling curves and decorations a-plenty, apart, of course, from such necessities of bird life as swinging perches, tinkling bells, and seed boxes. This man seems to be able to do anything with metal, from making ornate hinges to bending thin strips into silhouette pictures. Not far away from his workshop, women—some of them mere girls—are at work weaving and repairing carpets. There are several furniture repairers and picture-restorers working for the antique shops of the Via Babuino; and there are the woodcarvers, the picture-frame and lamp-shade makers and the ceramic artists (Italy is, of course, famous for its pottery) and these craftsmen must be among the most silent in the world, for they need a very steady hand, in utter tranquillity, for their delicate painting'.



Jesse Fuller, the American one-man band, arriving at a jazz club in London. He is carrying his 'fotdella'

The World We Have Lost

PETER LASLETT on 'The Sovereignty of the Family'

IN the year 1619 the bakers of London applied to increase the price of bread. They sent in support a complete description of a bakery and of its weekly costs. Thirteen people there were in such an establishment: the baker and his wife, four paid employees who were called journeymen, two maid-servants, two apprentices, and the baker's three children. Food cost more than anything else, more than raw materials, and nearly four times as much as wages. Clothing was charged up, too, not only for man, wife, and children but for the apprentices as well. Even school fees were included in the cost of baking bread for sale.

A London bakery was undoubtedly what we should call a commercial or an industrial undertaking, turning out loaves by the thousand. Yet it was carried on in the house of the baker himself, an ordinary house with a few extra sheds. All these people, moreover, took their meals in the house, every meal of the day. They even slept there at night; indeed they were obliged to do so, except for the journeymen. In short, universal custom and the law of the land obliged these thirteen people to live together as a family.

The only word ever used at that time to describe such a group of people was the word 'family'. The man at the head of the group, the man we should call the entrepreneur, or the employer or the manager, was then known as the master, or head of the family. He was father in fact to some of its members, in place of father to the rest. There was no distinction between his domestic and his economic functions. His wife was both his partner and his subordinate, a partner because she ran the family, took charge of the food and managed the women servants, a subordinate because she was woman and wife, mother and in place of mother to the rest.

Extra Sons

The paid servants had their specified and familiar position in the family, as much part of it as the children, but not quite in the position of children. The apprentices were even more obviously extra sons, clothed and educated as well as fed, obliged to obedience and forbidden to marry, unpaid and absolutely dependent until the age of twenty-one. And if apprentices were workers who were also children, the children themselves, the sons and daughters of the master and mistress, were workers too. At the end of the century John Locke laid it down that the children of the poor must begin work for some part of the day when they reached the age of three.

We may see at once, therefore, that the world we have lost, as I have called it, was no paradise, no golden age of equality, tolerance, and loving-kindness. It is so important that I should not be misunderstood on this point that I will say at once that in my view the coming of industry cannot be shown to have brought economic oppression and exploitation with it. It was there already. The patriarchal arrangements which I have begun to describe were not new in the England of Shakespeare and of Elizabeth. These arrangements were as old as the Greeks, as old as European history, and they abused and enslaved people quite as remorselessly as the economic arrangements which had replaced them in the England of Blake and Victoria.

But there were differences in the manner of oppressing and exploiting. The ancient order of society which gave way before the coming of industry was felt by those who supported, enjoyed, and endured it to be eternal and unchangeable. There was no expectation of reform. How could there be when economic



A seventeenth-century shoemaker's workshop

From 'Life and Work of the People of England' by D. Hartley and M. Elliot (Batsford)

relationships were domestic relationships, and domestic relationships were rigidly regulated by the social system, by the content of Christianity itself? This is in sharp contrast with social expectations in Victorian England, and in all industrial society since. Since the coming of industry, societies have been far less stable than their predecessors. They lack the extraordinary influence for cohesiveness which familiar relationships carry with them, that power of reconciling the frustrated and the discontented by emotional means.

You have noticed that the roles we have allotted to all the members of the extended family of the master baker of London in 1619 are all, emotionally, highly symbolic and highly satisfactory. In a whole society organized like this, everyone belongs, everyone has his circle of affection, every relationship can be seen as a love relationship. It may indeed well be a love relationship. Not so with us. Who could love the name of a limited company as an apprentice could love his superbly satisfactory father-figure master, even if he were a bully and a beater, a usurer and a hypocrite? But if a family is a circle of affection, it can also be the scene of hatred. The true tyrants among men, the villains and the murderers, are jealous husbands and resentful wives, tyrannical fathers, deprived children.

Incessant Tension

In the traditional patriarchal society of Europe which I am trying to describe, where everyone lived his whole life in a family, often in the same family, such tension must have been incessant and unrelieved, incapable of release except in crisis. Men, women, and children have to be very close together and for a very long time indeed to generate the emotional power which can give rise to a tragedy of Sophocles, or Shakespeare, or Racine. Conflict then was between individual people, on the personal scale. Clashes between whole groups, such as those which go to make our own twentieth-century society the scene of perpetual revolution as we call it, could arise far less often then.

This can only have been so if the little knot of thirteen people making bread was indeed the typical social unit of the old world, typical in size, in scale, in composition. In fact we can take the bakery to be the limiting case for the family which was sovereign in the society of our ancestors, the society of the days before the industrial revolution. We shall see in a moment what form the

family took over the great expanse of society which lived on the land. But our chosen example has other things to tell us.

We may notice, for one thing, that our folk-memory of the world we have lost is in much these terms, rather than in rural terms. We still talk to children about apprentices who marry their master's daughters, of bakers who really bake, in their houses, in their homes, of spinsters who really sit by the fire and spin. Nursery rhymes and fairy tales preserve the language pretty well unaltered. In fact a reliable guide to the subject in hand is *Grimms' Fairy Tales*, even Walt Disney. Which means that it is already half known to the historian before he starts, known by rote and not by understanding. Therefore he has neglected it, and neglecting it has failed to set up the correct contrast with the social order which has now succeeded. Without contrast there cannot be understanding, and I submit that we are unable to comprehend our industrial society because the historian whose job it is has not told us what society was like without industry. He has not told us because he thought it was too obvious.

The working family of the London baker vividly illustrates the scale of life under the old social order: no group of persons larger than a family, fifteen or twenty at most; no object larger than London Bridge or St. Paul's Cathedral; no workaday building larger than an ordinary house. Everything physical was on the human scale. Everything temporal was, also. The death of the head of a family in the world of commerce and industry which we have been describing was almost certainly the end to its existence. The hope was that a son would succeed, or, if there was no son, an apprentice instead, which was why it was important that he should marry the master's own kin. Often, surprisingly often, the widow would herself carry on, though it could not be for long.

This, then, was not simply a world without factories; it was a world without firms, a world without economic continuity. Since every activity was limited by what could be organized within a family, and within the lifetime of a family, there was an unending struggle to manufacture continuity, to provide an expectation for the future. 'One hundred and twenty family uprising and down-lying, whereof you may take out six or seven, and all the rest were servants and retainers': this was the household of the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke in the years before the Civil War, and it illustrates the symbolic function of the aristocratic family—to defy the limitation on size, to build big, to raise up a line which should remain for ever.

We may pause here to point out that our argument is not complete. There was an organization in the social structure of Europe before the coming of industry which transcended the family in size and in endurance. This was the Christian church. It is true to say that the ordinary Englishman went to a gathering larger than could take place in an ordinary house only when he went to church. Looked at simply from the point of view of scale we can see now that the function of the church in such a society was of an entirely different order from its function today, its function in any industrial society.

There were also, we must add, companies of master craftsmen in the towns, guilds which did something to mediate between independent households. But these were not companies as we understand them today, not amalgamations of scores or hundreds of people into production units. The number of companies in our sense was so small that their importance in the social structure was negligible. They were mainly confined to foreign trading and, though pregnant of the

future, the historian has grossly exaggerated their importance.

The last thing we must remark upon in our chosen example is the fact that in this baking household the sexes and ages were mingled together. Children might sometimes go out to school, but few adults went out to work, and there was absolutely nothing to correspond to the hundreds of young men at the assembly line,

the hundreds of young women in the offices, the lonely lives of housekeeping wives which we now know only too well. Old people did not live alone or in institutions: they were at home, in the families of their sons and daughters. There were no hotels, no young men or young women living on their own. The family group which dominated society was what we should undoubtedly call a 'balanced unit', and call it 'healthy' too.

When we turn from the hand-made city of London to the hand-moulded immensity of rural England, we may carry similar sentimental prejudice along with us. To every farm there was a family, and each rural family spread over its fields like the family of the master-craftsman over his manufactory. When a farm was small, a man tilled it with the help of his wife and children. No single man, we must remember, would take charge of the land. He had to be a householder, just as the butchers, bakers, and candle-stick makers had to be householders before they could set up on their own. Marriage in this society was the entry to full membership.

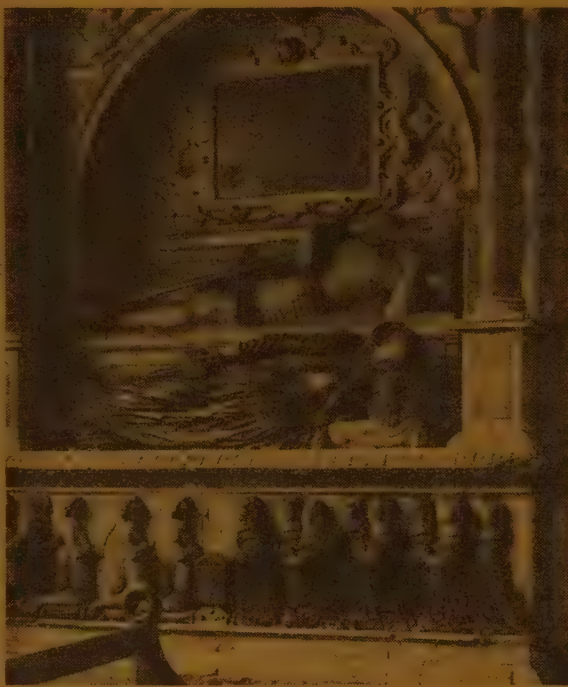
When more labour was needed, the farming householder would extend his working family by taking on young

men and woman to live in his family and work with them. The servants in husbandry, as they were called, stayed there until it was time for them to marry, when, the sons of landless men and landless themselves, they became cottagers or labourers. The families of these labourers were the poorest of all. Work was done by the day, and the farmer who employed a man either fed him at the family table or gave him money instead: all wage rates, which were fixed by the local bench of justices, were in two forms, either with or without meat and drink. The day labourer visiting a farm was made a member of the family by breaking bread with the rest of them. It was almost a sacramental matter.

Inside the cottages the women were spinning the yarn which the clothiers had brought them, clothiers who were the capitalists organizing the great English woollen industry. For industry at this time was carried on not only in one household alone, as in the bakery we have talked about, but by what is called the putting-out system, in which several households were set on work by one middleman: not employed, it must be noted, though that word was used in its then different sense, not exclusively occupied, for apart from his farmwork the labourer might have a piece of land of his own, but supplemented with industrial earnings.

Such was the idyllic patriarchalism which Marx and Engels had in mind in 1848 when they talked, in the *Communist Manifesto*, of the capitalists and their drive towards naked exploitation. I have hinted that the historians, beginning perhaps with the great Marx himself, have misunderstood the process which gave birth to the modern world because they have not properly appreciated the familial structure of the society which existed before the modern world began. One or two points of criticism have been touched already, but I must reserve to my succeeding talks the full exposition of my case for a radical revision in historical interpretation. Before I finish here, however, I should like to set out some heads of proposals, as they would have said in seventeenth-century England.

I suggest, in the first place, that unless we have a fairly exact idea of what the final unit of a society is, we are hopelessly vague



'The symbolic function of the aristocratic family—to defy the limitation on size . . . to raise up a line which should remain for ever': monument in Sawbridgeworth Church, Hertfordshire, to Sir John Leventhorpe (died 1625) and his wife. At the base of the monument are depicted his eight daughters and five of his six sons

about what the whole society is like. Historians talk all the time about 'England', the 'nation', the 'country': what it did and what it thought. They have to. But what do these words mean? Who was England in, say, the year 1650? Not every single person living then within our boundaries: no one with a historical sense would claim that. But only a recognition that people came not in individuals but in clots, in families of the sort I have described, only that recognition makes clear that England in its first definition meant only those grown males who were heads of households, who were literate and who had some degree of individuality. This at once excludes all women, all those under the age of nearly thirty, for all these persons were caught up, so to speak—'subsumed' is the ugly word I shall use—in the personalities of the heads of the families to which they belonged. England, in fact, meant a far, far smaller number of persons even than this would imply, but this we must discuss next week.

Historians have not, it seems to me, tended to talk about 'England' with any sign that they recognized these very important qualifications as to the use of the word. But they seem, of recent years anyway, to be fairly confident that they know what it was that transformed this patriarchal world into the world we live in now. Capitalism did a great deal of it, they say, and it is capitalism which we must contrast with the patriarchal society: capitalism, with its new 'spirit', whatever that dangerous word may be doing in the historian's vocabulary, was the great disruptive force which broke up the world we have lost and dethroned the family from its sovereignty in society.

But by the seventeenth century capitalism was at least 300 years old, and perhaps much older. We have seen, in the example of the way in which the putting-out system of industry came to the rescue of the labourer on the land, that capitalism was perfectly compatible with family economic arrangements. Capitalism, we shall conclude, is an incomplete description: it simply cannot do the historian's work which has been thrust upon it.

The historical distortions which have arisen from the word capitalism are a result, I believe, in some degree to a faulty sense of proportion, which we can only now begin to correct. With the 'capitalism-changed-the-world' way of thinking goes a division of history into the ancient, feudal, and bourgeois eras or stages. I think that the contrast which we have been trying to draw here between the world we have lost and the world we now inhabit makes all other divisions into sub-divisions. European society is of the patriarchal type, and with some variations, of which perhaps the feudal variation went furthest, it was patriarchal in its institutions right up to the coming of the factories, the offices, and the rest. It is now patriarchal no longer, except in a vestigial way, and in its emotional predisposition. It is now time that we divided history up again in accordance with what is really important.

My last head of proposal is my chosen heading for my next talk. With capitalism in the discussion of historians goes the concept of class, the view that the rise of the middle class brought the modern world into being. I hope to show that there was no middle class in Stuart England.

You may think these are parochial historians' disputes, and I would not wish to let them take any definition from the picture I have tried to draw here. The word alienation is part of the cant of the mid-twentieth century, and it began as an attempt to describe the separation of the worker from the world of work. We need not accept all that this expression has come to convey in order to recognize that it does point us the way to realizing something of the first importance to us all in relation to our past. Time was, and it was all time up to 200 years ago, when the whole of life went forward in the family, in a circle of loved, familiar faces, known and fondled objects, all to human size. That time has gone for ever. It makes us very different from our ancestors.—*Third Programme*

Two more talks by Peter Laslett on 'The World We Have Lost' will appear later.

General MacArthur: Hero or Prima Donna?

By SIR BRIAN HORROCKS

AN American general once said: 'I thought that Arthur MacArthur [General Douglas MacArthur's father] was the most flamboyantly egotistical man I'd ever seen, until I met his son Douglas'. Our own British Chief of the General Staff, Lord Alanbrooke, one of our greatest soldiers in the last war, said: 'MacArthur was the greatest general and the best strategist the war produced. He certainly outshone Marshall, Eisenhower, and all other American and British generals, including Montgomery. His strategic ability was in a class of its own...'. Yet this is the man who not so many years ago during the Korean war was dismissed from his post of Supreme Commander by his own President, President Truman, with these words:

I have therefore considered it essential to relieve General MacArthur so that there would be no doubt or confusion as to the real purpose and aim of our policy. It was with the deepest personal regret that I found myself compelled to take this action.

Such contrasting opinions are typical. Nobody has ever agreed about this remarkable man. The Americans either worship at the MacArthur shrine or they dislike him intensely. There are no half measures as far as he is concerned. Yet I doubt whether anybody has ever penetrated the outer façade to the real MacArthur, underneath. He is particularly difficult for us to understand because his flamboyant, almost heroic style of oratory is so contrary to our British passion for understatement. Another problem is that everybody sees him through different

eyes, and I find it difficult to describe him adequately. I would say that he was a superb military *prima donna*, capable of giving a brilliant performance in the art of war, but, like so many *prima donnas*, he had to hold the centre of the stage, alone. No rivals were permitted. Of one thing, however, I am certain—he led a dedicated, military life.

There is an almost fairy-tale quality about his early years. He was born of remarkable parents in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1880. His father was a famous general, and Douglas as a child had travelled everywhere with him. His earliest recollections are of his father's battles with the Red Indians in the early American wars. But then came an event which was to have an enormous influence on the whole of his subsequent life. General Arthur MacArthur was sent to the Philippines, at the head of the United

States forces, to quell a revolt there. Douglas went with him. This was the start of what was to be a long association with these islands. Then he was entered for that famous American military academy, West Point, his father's comment being: 'I think there are the makings of a soldier in this boy'. There most certainly were.

So his dedication to the profession of arms started when he was in his cradle. There is a curious military glamour about the whole MacArthur family. They did not live like ordinary people. And his father's death was extraordinary. Old General Arthur once said, after he retired: 'The only honour left to me is to die in front of my troops'. And this he



Douglas MacArthur as a child, with his father, General Arthur MacArthur

dutifully did. At an Old Comrades' gathering he was standing on the stage addressing the audience when suddenly he stopped, and said: 'Comrades, I cannot proceed'; and he dropped down dead, there and then. A Major Parsons, who was in the audience, ran forward, seized a flag from the walls, and draped it over the General's body. Then he also had a heart attack, collapsed beside the General, and died shortly afterwards.

That was the sort of parental example with which Douglas MacArthur grew up. But the main influence in his life, I think, was his mother. She was a Virginian aristocrat; she went round everywhere with him, and he consulted her a great deal.

The West Point course over, he went back to the Philippines where his father was then serving. In fact, he became his father's A.D.C. and together they were sent on a fact-finding tour of the Far East which lasted for nine months. This had a profound effect on young Douglas MacArthur. He became fascinated by the eastern way of life and the oriental mentality. The first active service he saw was in 1914 during the Mexican rebellion. And now there emerged a quality about which nobody has any doubt at all: his complete and utter fearlessness. Young Douglas MacArthur carried out an individual reconnaissance forty-two miles into Mexico, behind the lines, and on the way back he was ambushed three times. Yet he shot his way out and got back successfully.

But it was in the 1914-18 war that he really became known. It was MacArthur who suggested that the recruitment for the first American National Guard Division to be sent overseas to France should be stretched right across the whole of the United States. Because of this, he suggested that it should be called the Rainbow Division. And that is how this most famous American formation got its name.

He became immensely popular with the troops; he knew them so well that he called most of them by name. They were sent to the front in France, and here MacArthur's reputation grew. He was only thirty-eight, often seen with the cigarette-holder that was to become so familiar. He became the youngest divisional commander in France, and the youngest officer of general rank in the American army at the time. The United States Secretary of War said that he was the best front-line soldier America had. Always at the head of his troops, wherever the fighting was hardest, there was MacArthur, taking extraordinary risks.

By the end of the war, in addition to numerous American decorations he had received thirteen from other countries. His reputation was made as the outstanding young front-line commander and a very good tactician. But the period between the wars was not happy for him, as it was not for many other dedicated soldiers. First of all, as the youngest Commandant of West Point—regarded as a vital post in the American Army; then as the youngest Chief of Staff (he always seemed to be the youngest in every job) he fought long and bitter battles against Congress to prevent their reducing the Army below what he considered to be the danger level.

It was about now that he started his astonishingly flamboyant method of writing:

No words of mine can even remotely portray such great moments as the resistless rush of that matchless Californian eight as it swirled and crashed down the placid waters of the Siolem; that indomitable will for victory which marked the deathless rush of Barbuti.

That is not the communiqué after a battle, as one might think. When he wrote it he was in charge of the American Olympic team, and was recording a victory in the Games. It is typical of MacArthur that he should have thought of even the Olympic Games in heroic terms.

Oddly enough, the only action he saw during his time as Chief of Staff was against his own countrymen, riding at the head of troops, dressed in full uniform with all his medals, and operating against thousands of American first-world-war veterans who had

marched to Washington to demand the war-bonus payments the Government had promised them. This was during the depression, and most of these ex-soldiers were literally starving. They squatted in the parks, living under appalling conditions. The President ordered MacArthur to evict them with force. The troops burned their wretched makeshift hovels, and used tear gas against them. It was all over quickly.

In this country such action would have been the equivalent of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff emerging from the War Office in full dress, wearing his medals, advancing up Whitehall at the head of a column of troops, tanks, and cavalry in order to drive out of Hyde Park a deputation of workless marchers who had encamped there. One can imagine what effect that would have here; it had precisely the same effect in America. Overnight the young, popular hero became almost the most unpopular man in the whole country.

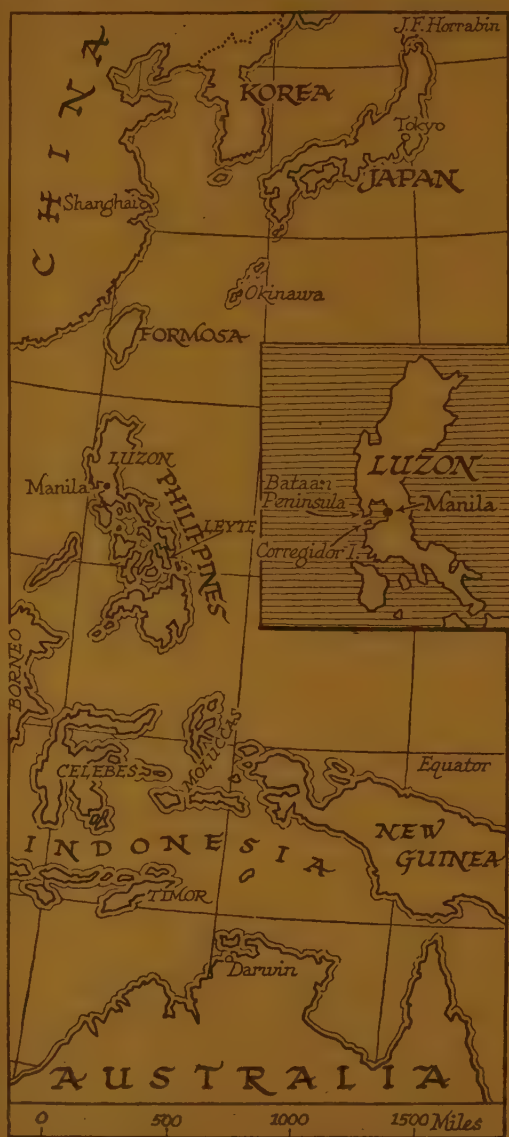
But in fairness to MacArthur, I think, we must say that, by any standards, it was a very unpleasant task for any general to do. And as Chief of Staff, head of the army, he could easily have delegated it to somebody else. But he did not. He had the moral courage to grasp the nettle himself. It is not that he did it but it is the way he did it that I regard as so highly significant when we are trying to assess his character.

The kind of show of force and medals, and so on, that he made might well have impressed an Asian crowd, but it made no impression at all on the Americans—the reverse. And it shows that even at this stage of his career MacArthur was beginning to get out of touch with the lives of the ordinary American people.

I myself believe that the Philippine bug was already beginning to bite.

Indeed, after a second tour as Chief of Staff—this also was a record, no other man has ever succeeded himself in that post—he inevitably returned once more to the Philippines. He was to be the Philippine military adviser. On the way, he met the lady who became his second wife; and while there they had a son. Soon he decided to throw in his lot with the Filipinos. He retired from the United States army and accepted the rank of Field-Marshal in the Philippine army. He lived in great style, with a salary larger than that of the President of the Philippines, and started to train and organize their forces on a ten-year plan. But it is arguable whether these islands were ever really defensible.

By 1939 war had broken out in Europe, and it was clear that MacArthur's peace-time, ordered life was to be disrupted. He was recalled to active service in the United States army. War in the East was obviously to come. Japan was already at war with China. Australia became deeply worried, and obviously New Guinea would be a target. For a time all hoped against hope that the Philippines might not be attacked. But on December 7 the Japanese assaulted Pearl Harbour. Within four hours air attacks



stretched all over the Far East. By December 12 they launched their attack on the Philippines, landing in two places. MacArthur's first real test as Supreme Commander was now to come.

Unfortunately, as at Pearl Harbour, the Japanese struck first. By a surprise air attack they destroyed almost the whole of MacArthur's air force on the ground. Without air cover the surface vessels of the American fleet had to leave these waters. The island of Luzon in the Philippines was isolated, 7,000 miles from the west coast of America. The Japanese launched two main landings, and to oppose them was General MacArthur's army, consisting mainly of Filipinos with cadres of American officers, N.C.O.s, and men. They were totally untrained for mobile operation, and General Wainwright, whom I always reckoned was the uncrowned hero of all this fighting, was so short of equipment that he could only get in touch with his troops by public telephone. Inevitably, soon, both these columns were retreating rapidly in front of the Japanese. MacArthur ordered them to take up an offensive position across the Peninsula of Bataan, twenty miles across. But by now more and more Japanese were being landed. No reinforcements were available for MacArthur's forces. They were also extremely short of food—cut down to half Filipino rations, just about starvation level. But in spite of this they succeeded in halting the Japanese attacks, and indeed it was not for five months after they had landed that the Japanese succeeded in dominating the Bataan Peninsula, and that was a remarkable achievement. Actually this was the first halt to the Japanese that was called by anybody in the whole of their victorious sweep through the Far East—and MacArthur was in command.

He had placed his headquarters on the small, rocky island of Corregidor, in the middle of Manila Bay. He lived in a house on the island, with his wife and child and the child's nurse. The headquarters were in a tunnel—an odd place to choose for a headquarters, particularly when the enemy had control of the air. MacArthur was responsible for the whole of the Philippines, but the battle for them would be won or lost in Bataan, and I cannot help feeling that, isolated on this island, he must have been out of touch with the feel of that battle. Indeed General Wainwright, in his book, says that MacArthur only visited him once during the entire fighting. The G.I.s must have felt this, because they started talking about 'Dug-out Doug'.

I simply fail to understand this, because it is so out of character with that fearless front-line commander. Maybe he thought that after the town had been overrun he would make a last stand on Corregidor. I just do not know.

The fighting became grimmer and grimmer; and in the midst of it all MacArthur received an order from President Roosevelt that he, his wife and son, and certain selected members of his staff were to leave for Australia, where he was to take over command of the south-west Pacific. They set off. Totally unprotected, they had 700 miles to cover in a small craft before they reached the rendezvous from where they were to fly to Australia. Japanese aircraft and ships were everywhere.

The fighting did not last long after MacArthur's departure from the Philippines. The gallant troops he had left behind, now prisoners-of-war, began their march, a death march, to prison camps.

MacArthur's arrival in Melbourne, Australia, was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm. He was hailed as both hero and saviour. Now he was



Douglas MacArthur being awarded the D.S.C. by General John Pershing in France in September 1918. MacArthur was Chief of Staff of the U.S. Rainbow Division

in his element, for although he faced a big task he was a big man and willingly shouldered it. Almost his first public words were a message to those he had left behind in the Philippines. 'I will return', he said; and there was no doubt he meant it. There was nothing defeatist about him. Typically he announced that the allies must go on to the offensive immediately. He set up headquarters in the north, and vigorously attacked the defeatism which was prevalent everywhere. He was ruthless: commanders were sacked right and left, and the presence of this aloof, almost god-like creature, who had a complete confidence in himself, had a wonderful effect on morale.

The situation now was that the Japanese occupied huge areas. The American Joint Chiefs of Staff set up two commands: the army command under MacArthur, the naval command under Admiral Nimitz. MacArthur quickly realized the futility of frontal attacks on well-fortified objectives strongly held by the Japanese. He conceived a strategy of 'leap-frogging'. It consisted of ignoring heavily fortified objectives and attacking those which were poorly defended, thus cutting off important Japanese bases and leaving them, in MacArthur's own words, 'to wither on the vine'. Supply was their worst problem, owing to the tremendous distances involved. When he and his staff were planning, they used to superimpose a map of the United States over the whole area, yet even this huge country looked small by comparison. However, by dint of modern techniques, such as refuelling at sea, the supply lines were stretched farther and farther. His objectives were limited only by the range of his fighter aircraft, and he gained these objectives by close co-operation of the navy, the army, and the air force.

MacArthur's ambition was to get back to the Philippines. But there was disagreement about this. In July 1944, Roosevelt came to the Pacific for a conference. He listened to both arguments. Should the major objective be Formosa, as the navy wanted? This view was strongly held in some quarters. MacArthur, however, persuaded the President that America had a moral obligation to free the Philippines, and its people, who had fought so well and suffered so much.



General MacArthur, commander of the allied forces in the south-west Pacific, walking up the beach of Humboldt Bay, Netherlands New Guinea, after American troops had landed in Japanese-occupied territory, in April 1944

Imperial War Museum

Three months later his wish was realized. The attack he mounted on Leyte, one of the islands in the Philippines, was a success. He had kept his word, he had returned, although there was still much hard fighting to be done after the initial invasion. In the past, MacArthur's communiqués had caused bitterness among the troops, and in all sorts of other quarters as well. A landing might be made, or an objective *nearly* reached: he would at once claim a victory, referring to the final stages as 'mopping-up operations'. But these same 'mopping-up operations' were often bitter, bloody battles, causing heavy casualties. At one point a subordinate commander asked that this phrase should be dropped as it was not, to use his own words, 'good enough to die for'.

But at last victory came to the Philippines, and MacArthur was able to return to those he had left behind, and who had suffered so much under the Japanese occupation. It was a great military achievement, carried out on a shoestring, for at no point did he command more than five per cent. of the American forces. Moreover, the supplies and equipment available were minute compared with those in other theatres of war.

All roads now led to Japan. MacArthur began planning for the greatest invasion of all, the Japanese mainland. But it was never necessary because the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. All that was left for General MacArthur was to accept the surrender of the Japanese forces: and, when he signed it, behind him stood General Wainwright, the man to whom he had handed over his command when he had left for Australia, and who was now a veritable skeleton after his years as a Japanese prisoner of war.

That strategy was so brilliantly conceived that in my view MacArthur deserves an honoured position among the greatest captains of war. He was a magnificent strategist. Many people have come to believe that the war in the Pacific was won entirely by MacArthur. I have never felt that that was fair to Admiral Nimitz of the American Navy, or to the Marines, without whose operations in the central Pacific MacArthur's campaign could not have succeeded so well. I am not trying to belittle MacArthur; far from it, I have a profound respect for this highly intellectual strategist—that is what he was—but honour must be paid where it is due.

Troops will always follow a successful general. Why was it, then, that the MacArthur of this last war was never so popular with the G.I.s as the MacArthur of the Rainbow Division? I think there are several reasons for this. First, he had become too remote. I don't mean that he did not go to the front, because he was constantly visiting it. In fact, his staff were always remonstrating with him for taking unnecessary risks: he was still the same fearless man as of old. But he had become almost a god-like character, and he had lost the common touch. Undoubtedly one contributing factor was his communiqués; I don't know how far he was responsible, but his headquarters used to issue them. The G.I.s said sarcastically that a single swallow couldn't be shot down in the Pacific without it appearing in a MacArthur communiqué. Those American troops felt that he was more interested in the Filipinos and in the Far East than he was in his own country. Whether they were right, I do not know. But there is an old saying in the services that you cannot bluff the troops.

Finally, I think, he was rather too beautiful. When everybody else was sweaty and mucky and filthy, he would arrive cool and immaculate, like some film star, wearing the cap of a Field Marshal in the Philippine Army which he designed himself. Somehow I cannot see those troops in the Pacific crowding round MacArthur and slapping him on the back, as the men of 101st United States Airborne Division did to Eisenhower the night before they flew off for D-Day. Yet MacArthur was a greater strategist than Eisenhower; he was utterly and absolutely fearless, and his staff worshipped him.

Now, he was going to a job which would emphasize, still more, this remoteness. He went to Tokyo where he became the great pro-consul. These people had been ruled by a god-emperor; they were now ruled by MacArthur. In my opinion, this was the highlight of his life, even greater than his victories as a general. He understood his new subjects—because that is what the Japanese were—better than his own fellow countrymen, the Americans. He instinctively realized that here the remote, aloof approach paid off. He insisted that the Emperor, before considered a divinity, whose face ordinary people could hardly look upon, must visit him. And to the Japanese, despite the spirit of bitterness and hate in which the war had been fought, MacArthur displayed a great magnanimity. He gave Japan a new constitution; totally reorganized education; established a strong labour movement—in fact, removed most of the planks of the Japanese Communist Party.

MacArthur, living in Tokyo with his family, rarely moved out of his own quarters. He did not even have a telephone in his office. He was the father-figure, with the Emperor as second-in-charge. Then came the Korean war, and with the Communist attack the pro-consul had to revert to general. Although now seventy years of age, he immediately flew in an unarmed aircraft to Korea to see for himself. The weather was so bad that the pilot would not take responsibility for the flight, but MacArthur overruled him. He was still the same fearless MacArthur as of old, and it was soon evident that his skilful, military touch had not deserted him, either. But now he became involved in politics.

When China intervened he insisted that the war should be extended to her territory. This was contrary to the political view of his government, who felt that such an action might precipitate a full-scale nuclear war. By now he was too much of a law unto himself to submit. Completely against orders, he went over the head of the President, by giving statements to the press and sending messages to opposition congressmen, putting forth his views.

I am not going to become involved in the pros and cons of that argument. But no general, however great, can afford to flout the policy of his government with impunity. Although MacArthur was now a popular hero with a large

number of people in America, President Truman, showing great courage in my view, dismissed him. So, on April 11, 1951, one of the greatest military figures which the Americans had ever produced, took his final bow on the centre of the world stage, and returned to the United States, in which he had not set foot for fifteen years. He was given a triumphal welcome as he drove through the streets of New York, his car laden with streamers dropped from the sky-scrapers above. No prima-donna can surely have ever had a more wonderful final curtain.

—Television Service



General MacArthur receiving a 'ticker-tape' welcome in New York, April 1951, after being dismissed by President Truman

The World's Changing Climate

H. H. LAMB on climatic history and human affairs

MANY of us were brought up to believe that, whereas in the geological past there had been great changes of climate, the position had become stable over the last few thousand years, and that no changes of importance had occurred at least during the Christian era. This is now known to be untrue; indeed, it is surprising that it was ever accepted. Since Victorian times we have witnessed a general improvement of climate which has affected patterns of cultivation and limits of forest in northern lands, shifted the fishing grounds, and extended shipping seasons in the Arctic seas. Further, it may well have influenced our own fashions in dress and architecture and choice of the places where we like to build our houses.

The work I am doing now in the Meteorological Office is the study of climatic variations that have occurred during the period since the basic meteorological instruments—the barometer, the thermometer, and the rain gauge—were invented. The investigation has produced a wealth of human, as well as scientific, interest: the personalities of the pioneer observers; the design and exposure of the early instruments; the initial chaos over units, which will not be finally resolved until the centigrade scale of temperature and metric units is universally adopted. But these things are by the way. Now that we have learnt to reduce barometer readings to a universally comparable datum, and know how the pressure distribution is intimately related with the winds, we can reconstruct the atmospheric circulation patterns of the past, which the observers themselves could only more or less dimly grope for.

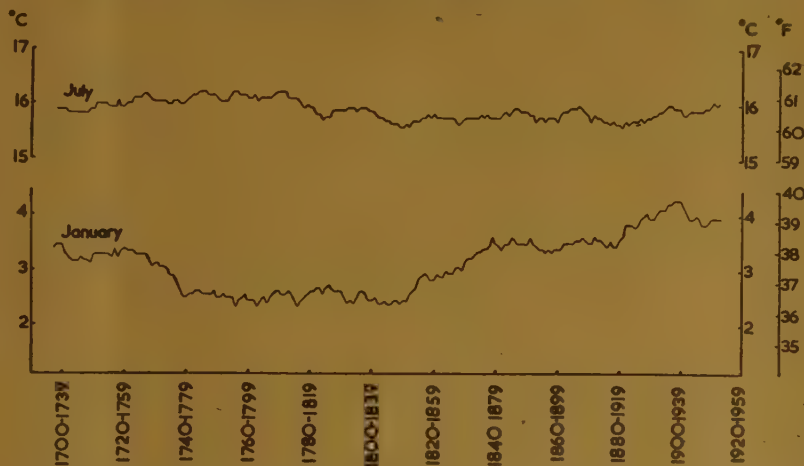
Circulation maps are fundamental in climatic studies. Most people are fairly familiar with the world maps of average pressure and winds in January and July to be found in atlases. These maps have long been the best tool for teaching climate. The plan of our present studies is to draw similar maps of pressure and wind for each January and July over as much of the world as possible, back to the earliest years for which usable data can be found. Later on we hope to study other months as well, but January and July are of particular interest, since January marks the peak intensity of the circulation over the northern hemisphere, and July the climax of the summer development, including the Asian monsoon.

The charts we have already completed (from 1750) show many interesting things. It is immediately possible to recognize the types of circulation that give us fine or wet summers and cold or mild winters. We find that the general atmospheric circulation has intensified materially since about 1800, when with a less vigorous supply of mild Atlantic air coming in towards Europe winters were more often severe than in recent times; the Gulf Stream—or, strictly, the warm North Atlantic Drift—also seems to have been weaker then than now in its northern parts, and tended to veer away south before approaching Europe. The Arctic ice was then so much more extensive that it commonly affected the coasts of Iceland. Indeed in 1784 a tremendous proposal for the resources of those times was debated in the Danish parliament: whether to evacuate Iceland entirely and resettle its people in Europe.

Such a substantial weakening of the atmospheric circulation as to have these dire effects should have ascertainable causes. One possibility is that over a period the energy supply from the sun was partially screened by persistent veils of minute particles of volcanic dust repeatedly thrown high into the atmosphere by the many big eruptions of the eighteenth century. Other scientists have suggested that variations of solar output in the eleven-year (and longer) sunspot cycles are important. We hope that

our long series of charts may be used to test the atmospheric responses to specific volcanic eruptions and other events, and to test the various current theories about the behaviour of the large-scale atmospheric circulation.

The period round 1800 was one of the culminating phases of what has been called the Little Ice Age, when the northern and Alpine glaciers, and probably the Arctic sea ice too, reached their most advanced positions since the end of the last great Ice Age 10,000 years ago. The winter climate of England



Temperature trends in central England as shown by averages over periods of forty years

between the seventeen-forties and eighteen-thirties was like that of the Rhineland today. But in Scotland and other northern countries there were two or three centuries of harsh conditions. The late fifteen-hundreds, sixteen-hundreds, and seventeen-hundreds were the era of frost fairs on the Thames. Freezing of London's river was by no means so common before 1550. That it has never happened since 1814 must be partly due to the new bridges and embankments, which have increased the ebb and flow of water in London, and the drainage control that has checked the arrival of ice from the river above Teddington and from tributary streams. Our series of charts may eventually be extended back in more sketchy form to cover, for northern Europe, the very critical climatic period of the sixteen-nineties as well as some decades of easier conditions between 1700 and the seventeen-thirties. The sixteen-nineties, and earlier the fifteen-nineties, were perhaps the worst phases of the Little Ice Age: bad summers as well as bitter winters.

Clearly there is great interest in extending our knowledge of the atmospheric circulation a little further back than the direct evidence of meteorological instruments will take us. There is a promising field here for collaboration in the assembly of evidence from many different branches of science and learning. It seems already that within the last 1,000 years we must stress two climatic phases of importance: a period of climate warmer than now between A.D. 1000 and 1250; and then the Little Ice Age, roughly from 1550 to 1850. The decline between these two extreme phases must surely have affected all kinds of things.

Curiously, British historians have largely ignored the influence of climatic changes upon human events, except for occasional references to natural disasters, such as floods or harvest failures, treated as purely haphazard occurrences without serious examination of the frequencies. Perhaps this is because in England, at least, the climatic decline brought compensating economic gains through the eclipse of the more northern seafaring peoples and the migration of the herring from Norway and the Baltic to our own shores. And anyway the effects of the Black Death were far worse. Nevertheless, G. M. Trevelyan has noticed that the dire

years of repeated harvest failures in Scotland in the sixteen-nineties played a part in Scottish attitudes during the years leading up to the Union in 1707. Indeed, Union became almost inevitable owing to the long period of adverse climate which affected northern Britain far more than the south.

From Iceland in those years parish records tell a dramatic tale of farms abandoned to the advancing glaciers, and in 1695 the entire island was cut off from the outside world by a vast exten-

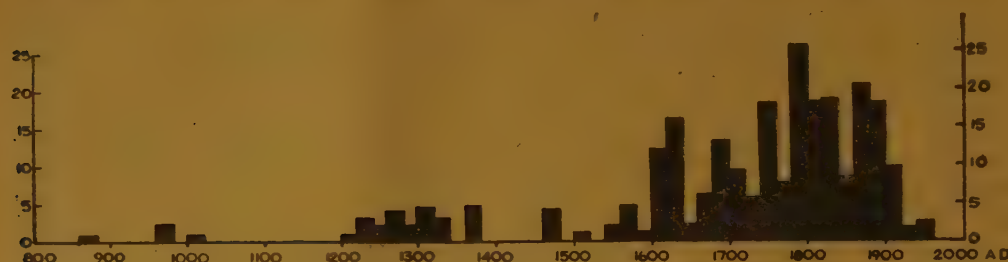


Diagram taken over periods of twenty years, showing the average number of weeks in the year when ice has affected the coasts of Greenland

sion of the polar pack-ice which surrounded it. In Norway, Sweden, and Scotland the drenching wet, cold summers and snowy autumns of the sixteen-nineties ruined the grain and brought famine. In many Scottish parishes thirty per cent. or more of the people died, and great was the fear of being buried in a communal grave. In contrast to this, centuries earlier, the Viking voyages of discovery to Iceland, Greenland, and North America had been made in a better climate, with little trouble from storms and apparently none from ice. The old Norse colony in Greenland between A.D. 1000 and 1200 was burying its dead deep in ground that is now permanently frozen. Moreover, there is new evidence of a more obviously scientific kind on this: glaciological studies of floating ice islands in the Arctic, supported by radio-carbon dating of vegetable matter found in borings in the ice, have suggested that about A.D. 1000 there was a period of great ablation which left little or no pack-ice on the polar seas.

This also makes sense of the records of English vineyards in the early Middle Ages, when the wine round the borders of Gloucester and Hereford was considered the equal of the French wine for quality and more like that of the Rhineland in its flavour. The sites of these vineyards included places now subject to late spring and early summer frosts. The subsequent decline was paralleled by a decline in the continental vineyards too.

The climatic history of earlier post-glacial times has been studied most by botanists, foresters, and archaeologists. There was a major Climatic Optimum lasting several millennia about 3000 B.C. This was when the forests grew high up on the hills of Britain, where only the stumps of trees deep down in the peat bogs remain today. The decline from this period of warmest climate had some sharp phases, perhaps especially around 1300 and 500 B.C., when the Alpine passes were closed again by ice and the Boden See rose ten metres, obliterating the settlements round its shores. From that time, any effects of climatic changes upon the vegetation of this country have been heavily overlaid by the overwhelming disturbances produced by man and his animals. Nevertheless the climate gradually recovered to the shorter-lived optimum of Viking times and then sank into the Little Ice Age. Human health and diseases as well as the vegetation were probably affected by this decline.

The examples I have quoted indicate how every aspect of our environment is affected by climatic changes. For centuries past our ancestors did not favour the hill-top sites for their houses and the open south-west aspects so much prized in recent decades. They were more concerned with shelter from the violence of the south and west winds. And in the drier periods really low-lying sites were not avoided—a misfortune nowadays for some picturesque seventeenth-century houses. But, more recently, it seems to have been unfortunate too that the widespread introduction of plumbing into the houses of this country coincided with an almost unbroken run of mild winters from 1896 to 1939. Building practices became established then which would not have passed earlier and have led to increased trouble in recent years.

Thus climatic variation is always going on, but it is doubtful now whether the trend is still in the direction of greater warmth. It is pertinent to ask what might be done in the way of climatic forecasting. In a sense, we beg this question whenever we use a climatic table summarizing the statistics of past years. One well-known American meteorologist has published a forecast for the remainder of this century. In my opinion this is a rash exploit until we have reached a fuller knowledge of the many influences (terrestrial and solar) affecting world temperature and the circulation of the atmosphere, and can give quantitative estimates of their effects. For instance, observations by sputniks are expected to amend our ideas of the total strength of the sun's radiation before it encounters the Earth's atmosphere and of how it varies at times of sunspots and solar flares. Climatic forecasting may lie far in the future because of the potential importance of unpredictable volcanic, solar, or man-made events.

In other countries there has been talk of grandiose schemes for modifying the climate, by melting or shattering the Arctic ice, by extensive afforestation or by the creation of vast lakes in continental interior regions, and so on. Not many of these schemes appear technically feasible at present, but they might become feasible within a generation or so. The aims are alluring enough: opening up the Arctic lands and sea routes and raising total food production to feed the world's rapidly rising population. More may be heard of these projects, and it is important to reach a sufficient understanding of the way the atmospheric circulation works for a reasonable assessment of the likely effects in various parts of the world.—*Third Programme*

Queen

The queen went from me while I slept
It was the hour before light breaks.
It was the last of my mistakes,
The promise that I never kept.

Mailed like a snake, I hissed and struck
This way and that at fresh alarms,
Kissed men to death, and pressed my arms
Tighter around her for good luck,

Who now, surrendered to her dream,
White fingers laid on boulder-scars,
Climbs the unwinding rock-hewn stair,

The sheep's path to the hidden stream.
The fallen rain glitters like stars
In the dark river of her hair.

DOM MORAES

Blindman's Buff

In the hot gardens artful class-mates fly
Through palm shade from a tall blindfolded girl
Whose crown is shadow, toe on turf made green
By water from a rotary machine.
One false step here and icy fingers curl
Into her darkened world. Indignant cry
And soft Italian laughter supervene.

God sometimes knots the world in rabbit ears
Behind a favourite soul's brown sullen head,
Finds music in rebellion and dismay
When the bright circle of the whirling spray
Touches her warm cheek; helpless hands outspread
He presses to his lips, then laughs and tears
The mockery of the linen scarf away.

J. G. WARRY

The Art of Conducting—III

By SIR ADRIAN BOULT

I HAVE recently tried to answer the question: 'Is the conductor really necessary?*', and now I want to ask another: 'Does the audience want to look at the conductor?' Or perhaps: 'Has the audience paid to see the conductor, or to hear him?' There are not many conductors whom I would wish to watch for any length of time; indeed if I want to listen with real concentration, I always shut my eyes; it is astonishing how much more one can hear when one does this. I am sometimes puzzled because people talk about 'seeing a conductor' as if he were a film star. Surely one should say 'hear' about anyone whose job is the interpretation of music. But it is a good idea for members of the choir and orchestra to see the conductor; although when conducting I do not expect them to look at me; they have to see me over the top of the music they are reading. Many years ago I was starting a rehearsal at a country festival, and as the choir stood up, a rather tall friend of mine noticed that there was a short girl in the row behind her, so she said over her shoulder 'Is it all right; can you see the conductor?' 'Quite all right, miss, thank you', came the brisk reply. 'I saw him last year'. That

put the matter into a healthy perspective from my point of view! When I was even younger I asked a distinguished conductor, who died thirty years ago, to give me a lesson. In describing the appropriate gesture at a particular point he said: 'You must indicate to the audience here that a clarinet solo is starting'. I have always thought that the way to do that was to provide the right background of sound for the entry of the solo clarinet, and then leave it to the ears of the audience. But perhaps I am wrong.

The power of a great conductor over an orchestra and choir is immense, and is very difficult to describe in words. Different conductors can have an utterly different influence on the actual tone produced, particularly by the string players, and they can fully exemplify any theories that may be held about the power of thought over collections of human beings. For some years I had the privilege of attending part of the opera festival at Munich in the days when Bruno Walter was Director there, and a queer thing used to happen in the Wagner Theatre, which was built on the model of Bayreuth, with the orchestra, concealed, playing in a deep pit, and with the conductor also invisible to the audience. The starting drill was always the same: three bells, one minute apart, and after the third bell a gradual darkening of the house lights until nothing was to be seen but the exciting glow that came up from the orchestra pit and threw some light on the curtain. When Bruno Walter himself was conducting there was always an anticipatory hush in the audience by the time the lights had been half lowered, but with every other conductor there was movement and whispering even when it was dark, and this stopped only when the first sound of the overture was heard. With Walter it had stopped well before this, and we had the thrill of Wagner's opening note or chord coming to us out of absolute silence.

Why was this? It may well have been that Walter called the

orchestra to a state of tension as the lights were being lowered while the other conductors waited slackly for complete darkness. It was always the same, and showed in an extraordinary way the power of a great man over an audience, even when he was out of sight.

The concealed opera director in Munich and Bayreuth now has his counterpart in the studio conductor at a broadcast or a recording session; he must make his appeal to the ears of his audience through the eyes of the orchestra and chorus. To me it

is the right way, and though I occasionally enjoy looking at the technique of a colleague whose work I admire, I do suggest that to shut one's eyes at a concert is the real way to listen.

A matter concerned with performance which worries me a good deal is the tempo not of the separate pieces but of the concert as a whole. Some performers like this tempo to be fast: others prefer it slow. It shows itself principally in two different ways: the inconclusion or exclusion of repeats, and the space allowed between the movements of symphonies, sonatas, and quartets. Presumably, composers put the conventional repeat marks

into their music because they want the section in question to be played twice. In many cases the shape of the movement as a whole calls for this repetition, although in some cases the repeat has been put in as a formal matter without too much thought.

Conductors are particularly inclined to ignore repeats, except in scherzos, and I cannot see why. The first movements of all Beethoven symphonies, except perhaps the Third, call for the repeat, and seem to me lop-sided without it; and the finales of Mozart's last three Symphonies assume an utterly different stature when both repeats are played. Without them, these finales cannot stand up at all to the greatness of the first movements, whereas with them the music seems not just twice as long but ten times as noble and important. I once went to see Donald Tovey when he was lying ill at his home in Edinburgh. He had volumes of the great Bach edition all over him, and on the floor. I said: 'I see you are wallowing in J.S.B.' and his reply was: 'Yes, it is wonderful, now I'm not busy, to be able to read them with the repeats'.

Once a movement is over, however, conductors who have been in too much of a hurry to play the repeats seem to change their attitude completely: now they would seem to have all the time in the world. Such different composers as Brahms and Borodin are often clearly seen to begin, say, a second movement with the final chord of the first still ringing in their ears. How can the chord ring in one's ears when the audience has been treated to the spectacle of the conductor mopping his brow, blowing his nose in some unrelated key, and perhaps even allowing someone to crash in with some noisy tuning, with the implication of D minor, when perhaps the movement has just finished in B flat and is now proceeding to a second movement in E flat? Surely a symphony, a quartet, or a sonata is one work, and should be played as such, without interruption between the movements.—*Third Programme*



'The concealed opera director in Munich and Bayreuth now has his counterpart in the studio conductor at a broadcast': Rudolf Schwarz conducting the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in the studio at Maida Vale

A Remarkable Philosopher

G. J. WARNOCK on the late J. L. Austin

PROFESSOR J. L. Austin had been since the end of the last war the most remarkable figure among philosophers in Oxford, the most stimulating to others, the most original, the most exact. He did not publish very much; he believed that there were too many books. But his influence in his own university was most powerful and pervasive; and in recent years his visits to many universities in America planted there, as one might put it, cells and pockets of Austinian thinking. In now attempting to describe his distinctive qualities as a philosopher, I shall unfortunately be obliged to ignore the richly and variously active setting in which his philosophical work was done; and thus, though perhaps I can state his leading ideas, I cannot hope to make properly clear, or anything like it, the reasons for, or the force of, their philosophical impact.

My first point, though fundamental, will probably strike you as remarkably flat: Austin believed that philosophical problems could be solved. Does not every philosopher believe that? Well, no; as I shall mention later, some certainly do not. And even those who would say that they do believe it hold to their belief, one may think, in the teeth of the evidence. For the evidence seems to be that, except in small matters, no one in philosophy is ever really right. Students and teachers are much occupied with pointing out the mistakes that Aristotle made, that Kant or Bradley made, that Russell has made; and the pattern, at a humbler level, for many an evening of philosophical discussion, is that a paper is read, an answerer points out mistakes contained in the paper, and discussion then reveals what mistakes the answerer has made. Nothing, it sometimes seems, or nothing of much importance, can ever be put aside as settled, accepted, agreed on, the right answer known.

Most of us in this predicament just soldier on, hoping, presumably, that one day the tide will turn. But Austin, like Kant in a similar situation, stood back for a closer look at the predicament itself. Why should it be that, although in a way we do make some progress, we seem not really able to get anything settled? His answer, less ambitious than Kant's, was that we are unclear; we are careless and inaccurate; we are confused. But why? And his answer to that was: we are impatient. We insist on discussing large problems, on propounding adventurous general theses, on aiming at wide, profound, comprehensive truths. This is all very well; but the topics selected for philosophical attention—as, for example, perception, knowledge, human conduct, morality, the mind, responsibility—are, as philosophers themselves can hardly help sometimes noticing, topics of immense complexity and elaboration. To rush into the field, then, armed with two or three distinctions and a doctrine or two, is to invite the fate which indeed is usually encountered—that of being brought down by the intricate maze of trip-wires at which, head in air, one has never even looked. Thirty years or so ago the Logical Positivists preached, and in their own dogmatic style practised, the gospel of clarity. Before long some other philosophers were heard to complain that clarity is not enough. 'Perhaps it will be time', Austin said, 'to go into that when we are within measurable distance of achieving clarity on some matter'.

Austin then, first of all, was, I think, unique among philoso-

phers in his estimate of the proper pace of philosophical enquiry. He wanted, as he put it, to 'hound down the minutiae', to get the details right—really right, so right that everyone could agree and go on safely to something else. People sometimes observed with astonishment that he was willing to talk about one small point for a whole morning, or even, off and on, for a whole term or a year; at this rate, they thought, it will take twenty or thirty years before we can come out with an answer to our large problem. To this Austin would have said:

why not? Why suppose that large problems can be settled quickly? The whole history of philosophy surely shows that they cannot be; and would not the achievement—the almost unique achievement—of a solution repay the patience of twenty years' work? Ideally—and this too is a highly novel idea—Austin would have wished philosophers, like scientists, to co-operate in private instead of quarrelling in public, to correct each other's mistakes before and not after they were published to the world. If one has any faith in the idea that truths are attainable by rational enquiry, two heads, or several heads, are surely better than one; for our own eyes are blind precisely to our own mistakes; it is as critics of others that, often, we are most acute.

What, then, were the details that Austin was so relentlessly determined to get right? They were details about the uses of words and phrases. Why was this? Austin himself gave a short, clear answer—not, of course, the complete answer—to this question in a paper he wrote about four years ago. This is what he said:

First, words are our tools, and, as a minimum, we should use clean tools:

we should know what we mean and what we do not, and we must forearm ourselves against the traps that language sets us. Secondly, words are not (except in their own little corner) facts or things: we need therefore to prise them off the world, to hold them apart from and against it, so that we can realize their inadequacies and arbitrarinesses, and can re-look at the world without blinkers. Thirdly, and more hopefully, our common stock of words embodies all the distinctions men have found worth drawing, and the connexions they have found worth marking, in the lifetimes of many generations: these surely are likely to be more numerous, more sound, since they have stood up to the long test of the survival of the fittest, and more subtle, at least in all ordinary and reasonably practical matters, than any that you or I are likely to think up in our armchairs of an afternoon—the most favoured alternative method.

There are several points worth noticing about this. First, Austin conspicuously did not seek to justify his preoccupation with words, as some would do, by appeal to any general doctrine about the nature of philosophical problems. He had no such doctrine. He did not say, for example: we must concern ourselves with language because philosophical problems are themselves linguistic. Philosophical problems are, as he knew very well, markedly various in origin, history, and character. But in any case we had better discuss them now with 'clean tools'; we had better find out what distinctions and assimilations our language provides us with; and we had better (in his words again) seek to use 'a sharpened awareness of words to sharpen our perception of, though not as the final arbiter of, the phenomena'. If—but also



J. L. Austin (1911-1960)

only if—our words are clear, we look *through* them without distortion at the matter in hand. If we can really sort out, for example, such nouns as 'intention', 'motive', 'purpose'; such verbs as 'intend', 'attempt', 'decide', and 'choose'; such adverbs as 'accidentally', 'knowingly', 'deliberately', 'by mistake'; then we shall know, not everything, but a lot more about, we shall grasp much better the complexity of, that very complex phenomenon, human behaviour.

In the course of these and other such enquiries we shall learn a good deal about words; but to learn that is already to learn something of what we use words to talk about. To notice how unexpectedly various and subtle are the resources of our vocabulary is to notice also how many, and how various, are the aspects and facets of the facts themselves; it is to notice also in how many ways, often far from apparent, our interests, our powers, and even our disabilities, may shape our thoughts.

Austin and Ordinary Language

Second, it will be clear from my quotation that the frequent charge that Austin regarded 'ordinary language' as sacrosanct is simply misinformed. 'Certainly', he said, 'ordinary language is *not* the last word: in principle it can everywhere be supplemented and improved upon and superseded. Only remember, it is the *first* word'. Unless we get things right at this point, we shall build on sand; and we had better find out how things are before attempting to change them.

Third, Austin plainly had no wish to claim for his mode of proceeding that it was the only way for philosophers to proceed. His was, as he called it in the same paper, 'one fashion of philosophy'. He did not deny that there were problems in philosophy to which the patient investigation of linguistic detail might well contribute little or nothing; nor did he dispute the possibility that quite different fashions from his own might be usefully adopted. He was sure only that, in attempting to cope with some problems, detailed anatomization of their attendant vocabularies was one of the tasks that was abundantly worth doing, and was what we would all, probably, be well advised to do first. This may sound unambitious; but a modest ambition may enjoy the considerable merit of being attainable. Will this procedure enable us to solve all our problems? As Austin once said in reply to this very question: 'No—or if you prefer it; alas, no'.

I have already mentioned that Austin's procedure sometimes caused astonishment by reason of his extraordinary patience, his readiness to go on with a question, however small, for as long as might be needed to make quite sure of the answer. He sometimes occasioned no less astonishment by being, to all appearances, not engaged in philosophy at all. This was due, in part, to genuine indifference to academic frontiers, or indeed to a positive disbelief in them. If one had said to him, as people sometimes felt inclined to do, that a question he had raised was not philosophical but grammatical, he would have answered that he did not mind what it was called, but if it was grammatical that was surely no reason for ignoring it. But also, as he hinted in a lecture to the British Academy in 1956, he had his eye on the distant—the very distant—prospect of what he called 'a true science of language', the joint offspring of philosophy, grammar, linguistics, logic, and many other disciplines. Partly for this reason he did not think that philosophers must stay for ever in the area traditionally—and not, after all, by very long tradition—marked off as proper philosophical territory.

'The Dainty and the Dumpy'

But there was another reason than this for his insistence, at least occasionally, on discussing what his colleagues and others scarcely recognized as philosophy. Around the usual, and particularly the more imposing, topics of philosophy, the air is already thick with philosophical theories, and the ground, in Austin's words, is 'trodden into bogs and tracks' by generations of philosophers. We follow the tracks uncritically; we flounder in the bogs; the air is already so dense that we can hardly see. In such a case, Austin thought, extreme measures are called for. To escape (to change the image) from the magnetic fields of Plato, or Aristotle, or Kant, or even last term's lectures, it may be salutary to place a moratorium on discussion of the state, or

virtue, or the moral law, and to consider instead for a while the duties of policemen, the difference between kindness and kindness, or exactly what it is to be tactless or inconsiderate. 'If only', as Austin once put it, 'we could forget for a while about the beautiful and get down instead to the dainty and the dumpy'. If we can do this, then not only are our questions likely to be of such a size that we have some prospect of agreeing on answers to them; we should also be out of reach of our own and other people's prejudices and pre-suppositions, able to move fairly freely and to see things straight.

This, Austin thought, was an objective quite desirable enough to justify a few days or weeks of possibly unexciting exile from the more dramatic storm-centres of philosophy. It might be urged that this led him to discuss unimportant matters. But he preferred to say something true on perhaps a small matter than something not really true on a matter of importance. He did not, in fact, ever concern himself to insist that philosophical problems *are* important; this, too, he would have said, it will be time to consider when some such problem begins to be reasonably clear. In the meantime, truth is important, and hard enough to find.

What Austin's influence on philosophy will be in the long run is at present a matter for not very useful speculation. It is likely that it will not be what he would have wished, nor, I dare say, would he really have expected the case to be otherwise; he was too much of a realist to suppose that the turbid stream of philosophy is easily to be deflected. There are, of course, some philosophers who reject in principle the basic assumption on which Austin proceeded—the assumption, namely, that philosophical problems can be solved. Some see philosophy as in essence an endless dialectical debate, and thus will naturally regard as misconceived an approach that is intended to lead, however remotely, to agreement. Others have already contended that, though solid results may perhaps be attainable in philosophy, Austin's programme of 'hounding down the minutiae', of aiming to get right the details (including the defects) of our 'common stock of words', is a fatally wrong road to follow; but these last, for the most part, have argued their case, if at all, at an intellectual level so strikingly below that of their opponent that they have hardly established a claim to be taken seriously.

Crucial Questions for the Future

The crucial questions for the future are, I believe, these two. Austin attempted to find for philosophy a discipline, a method of work; he wanted, as he once put it, to make genius unnecessary, to achieve independence through methodical industry of the unpredictable (and unreliable) whims of inspiration. But his method was, if not intrinsically hard, yet decidedly austere; how many of his successors will share, to a sufficient degree, his uncompromising distaste for the pretentious and impetuous generalization, the inexact argument, the half-finished investigation, the rough-and-ready distinction? It is certain that he was, among his colleagues and indeed among philosophers in general, without any equal in his refusal to rest content with the nearly good enough; may not others, too many others, be too easily satisfied to be willing to proceed at his slow (though inexorable) pace?

And the second question is this: did he really succeed, as he half-seriously hoped, in making genius unnecessary? It may be found—it is difficult for me to believe that it will not be found—that that 'fashion of philosophy' which, in his incomparable hands, held so much promise, so gleamed with light and wit, and yielded such a harvest, in other hands may look leaden, unilluminating, half-alive. He had hoped to make tools that any other philosopher could use; perhaps he made weapons that only their creator could wield. But I hope that this may prove over pessimistic. And I take it to be certain in any case that the integrity of his standards, and the extraordinary force of his mind, have already imprinted upon philosophy a mark that will neither soon, nor easily, be effaced.—*Third Programme*

The Future of Man, Professor P. B. Medawar's Reith Lectures for 1959, which were printed in *THE LISTENER*, have now been published in book form, with additional notes (Methuen, 10s. 6d.).

PAPER IN BRITAIN'S FUTURE • A REPORT FROM THE REED PAPER GROUP

Where is paper's greatest future in packaging—protection or display?



Altogether no less than 42½ per cent of Britain's total output of paper and paperboard products is used for packaging the nation's consumer goods and the materials needed by industry and agriculture.

Where does paper's greatest future in packaging lie? As a functional material or as window-dressing?

This article sets out to answer this question and to discuss the opportunities of Britain's paper industry in this continuing 'Packaging Revolution'.

PAPER'S SUPREME ASSET

An observer gazing into a modern supermarket, with its bewildering diversity of colourful product packs, might be forgiven for supposing that paper owes its supremacy as a packaging material mainly to its display and merchandising qualities.

There is indeed some justification for this viewpoint. But as will be discussed in detail later, sheer merchandising ability is only one of the many natural advantages which paper and paperboard products possess. Undoubtedly, their supreme asset is that they are inherently capable of progressive technological improvements. This, above all else, has

made paper perhaps the most versatile of all the materials upon which modern society depends and has led to the development of the whole vast range of modern packaging products.

THE PRODUCT MAKES THE PACK

Nowadays, packaging products made from paper and board literally keep the nation's economy moving. Our raw materials are transported and stored in them. Our consumer products are protected by them and marketed in them. The variety of different types of 'pack' is endless, ranging from tailor-made multiwall paper sacks to simple paper bags, from intricately designed corrugated cases to ingenious folding cartons.

In fact, it is true to say that there are as many packs as there are products, since each product needs a pack that combines, in the correct degree, functional properties of protection, convenience and hygiene.

Just what are the advantages which have made paper and board ideal for modern packaging? They are hygienic. They provide strength and protection without being costly. They can be readily 'made-up' in a wide variety of shapes, strengths and sizes. They

are easily transportable and easily disposable after use. They are particularly suitable for printing, including colour printing.



Furthermore, they lend themselves well to use with other modern materials such as plastics and resins.

Due to the successful technical exploitation of all these qualities, a veritable 'Packaging Revolution' has taken place. Reed statistics show that, over the last ten years, the market for paper and board pack-

aging products has increased by as much as 100 per cent. It is confidently predicted that this expansion will continue.

PAPER GETS THE SACK

Perhaps the most striking of the many developments which have taken place has been in bulk packaging. Here specialised paper products have become the standard containers for a vast range of products.

Multiwall paper sacks, for example, have largely replaced conventional sacks for the

The market for these versatile, non-returnable containers is still expanding. A major recent success has been their widespread adoption for the bulk transit of eggs.

Parallel with the development of corrugated cases, there has been that of solid fibreboard cases. These strong yet inexpensive containers are widely used for bulk packaging various somewhat heavier goods, particularly those which do not demand the specialised cushioning effect of corrugated cases.

SELLING THROUGH 'EYE-APPEAL'

So far then, packaging seems to be far from mere window-dressing! But what of the many forms of retail packaging with which the housewife is so familiar? The vast array of gaily competing cartons. The paper tubes, the waxed bread wrappers. The colourful wrapping papers and carrier bags. The many attractive coated or 'glossy' packs, incorporating plastics or foil laminates, which have developed so greatly since the war.

With most of these, without question, packaging's sheer 'eye-appeal' qualities prominently hold the stage. They are likely, and are intended, to influence the woman in her choice between one competing product and another. But they are not window-dressing alone. Primarily today's packaging is hygienic, protective and convenient—as well as being glamorous—and it is this combination of qualities which today's housewife recognizes and welcomes.

WHO DOES THE DRESSING?

The truth then is that the merchandising qualities of paper packaging products, however important, are literally superimposed on their functional merits. They are put there not by the retailer, who turns them to advantage in his shop. Not by the wholesaler, who acts mainly as a link in distribution. But by the manufacturer, who nowadays has assumed the main responsibility for breaking down goods from bulk. It is he who, because of increased competition in the retail trade, must 'dress' his products with the ever better, more attractive

packaging which modern housewives demand.



PLANNING YOUR FUTURE NEEDS

Which factor will contribute most to the future development of Britain's paper packaging products? Their functional merit or their merchandising ability? Without question, *both* these assets have unlimited potential for meeting the nation's growing and changing packaging needs.

To achieve this, the Reed Paper Group, which offers a complete nation-wide Packaging Service, is laying maximum emphasis on realistic forward thinking. Experts of the Group's Packaging Division are carrying out constant, intensive technical and marketing research. Not only to meet the immediate and future needs of customers. But to devise the new, even better and more economic packaging that will be required for new products, new manufacturing methods and new conditions in the retail trade.

This same flexible thinking characterises all the Group's activities at every level—product marketing, machine and production planning, management selection and personnel training. The ultimate aim is kept always in view. To plan the *right* packaging for the product so that it reaches you, the consumer, in the best possible condition.

A further article in this series will appear in the Listener on June 23rd.

REED PAPER GROUP

Britain's foremost makers of paper,
paperboard and packaging products

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bulk packaging of many free-flowing products. These include cement, fertilisers, chemicals and animal foods; also human foods such as sugar and salt.

Perhaps the most important reasons why so many industries today prefer these low-cost containers are the strength, hygiene and protection achieved by their multi-ply structure. Tailor-made qualities, such as 'wet strength', can easily be built in by incorporating specialised papers to suit customers' requirements. Paper sacks are also very easy to fill, highly suitable for mechanical handling, and possess exceptional stacking properties.

AN EXPANDING MARKET

The marketing of paper sacks was pioneered in Britain by a Reed Paper Group Company, Medway Paper Sacks Limited, who have also originated many successive technical improvements in their production.

The market is still expanding rapidly, both in existing and new product categories. It includes many goods which formerly could only be sold seasonally but now, because of their greater storage life in paper sacks, can be stockpiled and marketed all the year round.

SPECIALISED PROTECTION AT LOW COST

Multiwall paper sacks, of course, are only one instance of the adaptability of paper in modern bulk packaging. No less impressive has been the technical development of the corrugated cases which today are used as 'outers' for packaging so many canned foods, bottled goods and other manufactured products. Also as individual packs for articles such as household goods, TV tubes, and fragile instruments. They have many of the same virtues as paper sacks. But their low-cost, tailor-made protection is due to structural design and the internal cushioning achieved by the corrugating process.

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

March 30—April 5

Wednesday, March 30

The South African Government declares a state of emergency over most of the country, including all the main towns

The Economic Survey, 1960 is published

Thursday, March 31

Mr. Macmillan returns home from his meeting with President Eisenhower

The talks on the future of British Guiana end in London. Dr. Jagan, leader of the British Guiana delegation, expresses 'total dissatisfaction' with their outcome

The final Test match in Trinidad is drawn, giving England victory in the series against the West Indies

Friday, April 1

Dr. Hastings Banda, leader of the banned African National Congress in Nyasaland, is released from imprisonment

The United Nations Security Council adopts (with Britain and France abstaining) the resolution urging the South African Government to abandon its policies of *apartheid* and racial discrimination

Britain offers Nato countries, including West Germany, the use of the rocket range in the Hebrides

The Government's new traffic bill, given its first reading, proposes a force of traffic wardens and a system of fines by ticket

Saturday, April 2

The Foreign Secretary explains in the Commons Britain's refusal to support the Security Council's resolution on South Africa's racial policy

Mr. Khrushchev ends his visit to France with a broadcast on radio and television

Sunday, April 3

New emergency regulations in South Africa reinforce the right of the armed forces and police to shoot to kill if necessary to maintain public order

Monday, April 4

The Budget proposals include an increase in the price of cigarettes and tobacco, the abolition of entertainments duty on cinemas, changes in the Premium Bond scheme, and an increase in the profits tax

The Chinese Government claims Mount Everest as part of China

Tuesday, April 5

Budget debate reopens in the Commons; Mr. Harold Wilson speaks for the Opposition

Amalgamated Engineering Union leaders warn shop stewards against taking unofficial action in support of either local or national claims

South African troops and police again attack black Africans with truncheons and whips



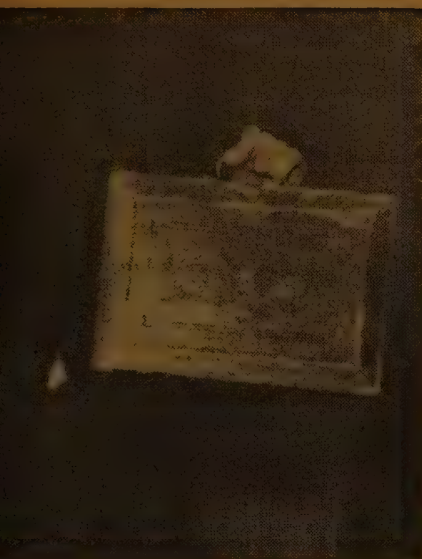
Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh welcoming General Charles de Gaulle, President of the French Republic, and Madame de Gaulle (left) at Victoria Station on April 5 as they arrived on a State visit to this country



The finish of the Boat Race at Mortlake last Saturday, with Oxford (using their new spade-shaped blades) one-and-a-quarter lengths ahead of Cambridge. Princess Margaret and her fiancé, Mr. Armstrong-Jones, watched the race from a launch

Right: Pope John XXIII placing the biretta on the head of Cardinal Rugambwa, the first African to enter the Sacred College, at the second of the traditional consistorial ceremonies in Rome on March 30. The next day the seven new cardinals received the red hat

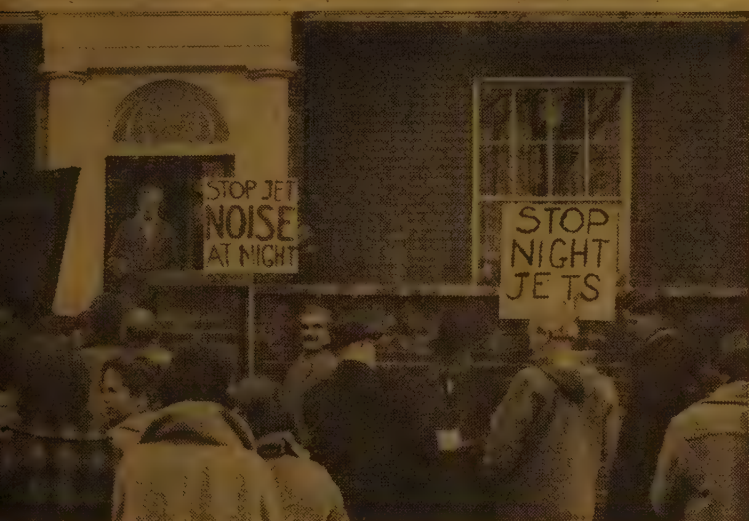
Mr. Duncan Sandy at his home in West



Exchequer, Mr. Derick Heathcoat Amory, for the House of Commons on April 4 to present the details of his Budget



Africans demonstrating near Johannesburg, South Africa, last week. The recent shootings at Sharpeville have been followed by the declaration of a state of emergency over most of the country and by further disturbances and arrests in many African townships



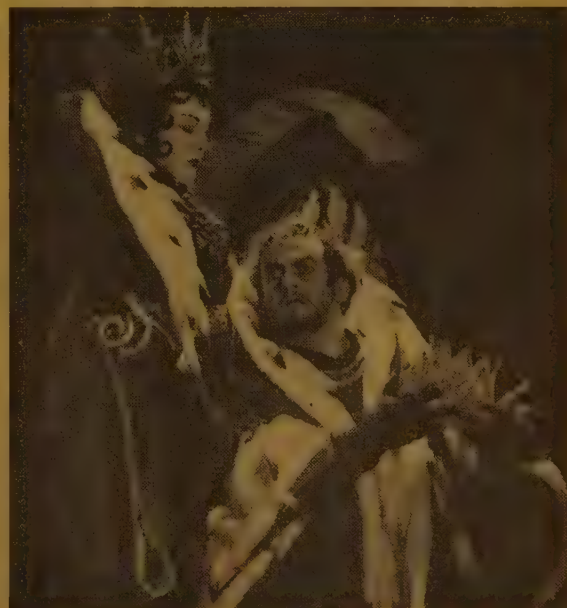
Aviation, receiving a deputation of sixty people who live near London Airport aroused by them in the early hours of Saturday morning. They had come to complain about the noise of jet aircraft at night



An impression of what a section of a bridge across the English Channel might look like. A plan has been put forward by a British, a French, and an American firm working together. It would cost about £200,000,000 and take five years to construct



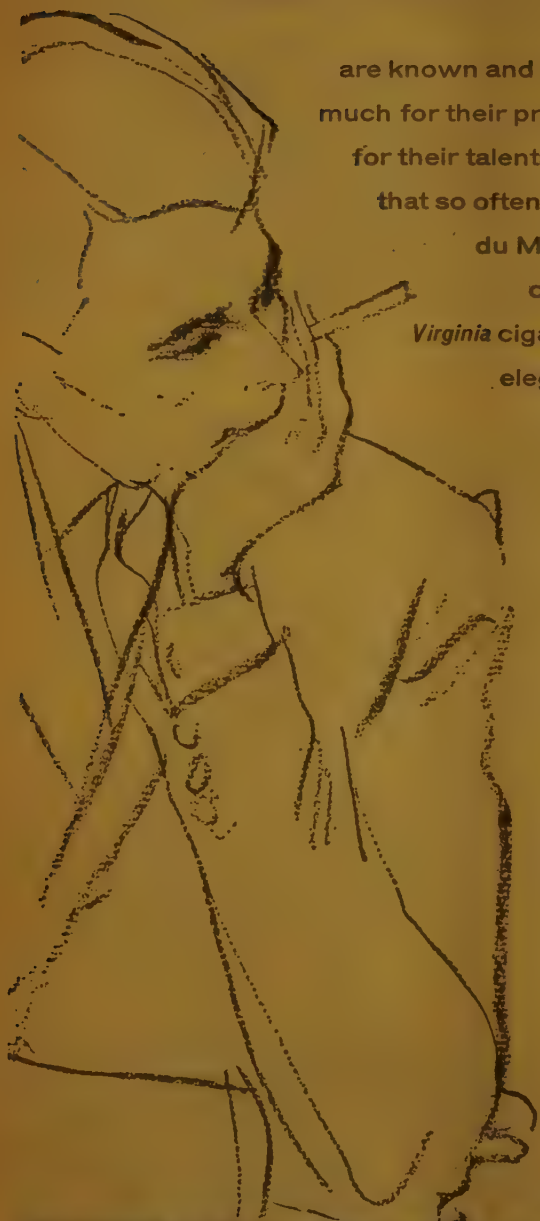
The Duke of Edinburgh having his fingerprints taken during a visit to Scotland Yard on March 30



Tito Gobbi as Macbeth and Amy Shuard as Lady Macbeth in Verdi's opera of Shakespeare's tragedy, sung at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, for the first time on March 31

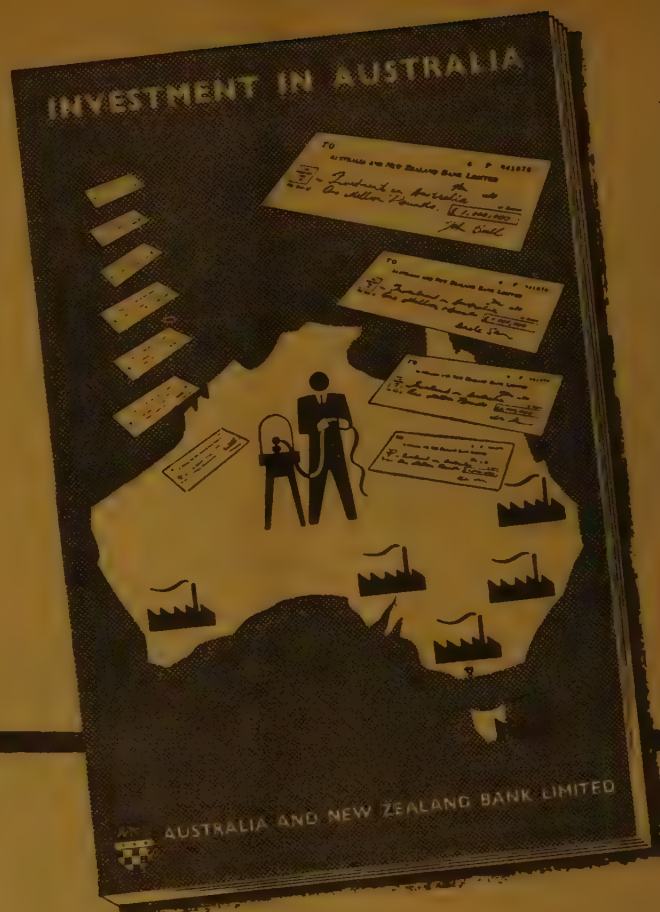
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The Bible and Tragedy

Man Goes to His Long Home

The third of four talks for Lent by the Rev. E. J. TINSLEY

MAN goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. The silver cord is snapped, the golden bowl is broken, the pitcher is broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern. This forecast of desolation in Jerusalem—the temple in ruins, life extinguished—is a forecast of the funeral of man.

Only two Attitudes Possible

When we come to contemplate suffering and evil there are only two serious attitudes possible: some kind of stoical resignation or some kind of religious belief. Our experience of life provides material either for what I have been calling the tragic view of life—or for faith. Queerly enough painful experience can have a comic element. There are times and moods when we laugh at serious calamity. We can laugh at death. But we cannot do this all the time. If we did we should never grow beyond adolescent frivolity; we should be resigning ourselves to total cynicism and despair. Few of us can stand that. For most of us the choice is between tragedy and faith. We get the raw material of the tragic view of life in those everyday sayings of ordinary people which Richard Hoggart uses to illustrate the attitude of 'putting up with things': 'What is to be, will be'. 'You must take life as it comes'. 'That's the way things are'. The profoundest expression of this attitude one finds in drama, for example in a *King Lear*.

Pain and suffering can seem more tolerable if there is faith in life after death. Many people have in fact ascribed the origin of this belief to a wishful thinking which needs compensation for the trials and catastrophes of this life. The religion of the Hebrews is an historical example that this is not necessarily the case. For the greater part of the period covered by the Old Testament the Hebrews had no belief in a real life after death. I emphasize the word 'real'. They did believe in some kind of existence of the shades in the underworld they called Sheol. But they did not dignify this by calling it life. It solved none of the problems we are dealing with. It was outside God's concern. And so Job did not feel that life in Sheol would solve his problem: he wanted to face God with the suffering of the innocent. We find the Hebrews coming to believe in a real life after death—in the form of resurrection—only at the end of the Old Testament. Certainly belief in a real life after death is not to be found in the Old Testament as a whole.

This means that the Hebrews were tempted to regard death as final, and so the Old Testament comes very near to a tragic view of life. In fact we can see in the Old Testament the Hebrews going through the tragic experience and just emerging on the other side of it. Perhaps there has never been a finer expression of death as the end than the last chapter of the book we call *Ecclesiastes*:

Remember also your Creator in the days of your youth . . . before the sun and the light, and

the moon, and the stars are darkened and the clouds return after the rain; in the day when the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men are bent, the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look through the windows are dimmed, and the doors on the street are shut; when the sound of the grinding is low, and one rises up at the voice of a bird, and all the daughters of song are brought low; they are afraid also of what is high, and terrors are in the way; the almond tree blossoms, the grasshopper drags itself along, and desire fails; because man goes to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

This is no isolated voice in the Old Testament. Something of the same scepticism and sense of death as final is to be found in Job, in Lamentations, and in the Psalms:

Hear my prayer, O Lord,
and give ear to my cry;
hold out thy peace at my tears!
For I am thy passing guest,
a sojourner, like all my fathers.
Look away from me, that I may know gladness,
before I depart and be no more!

But man dies, and is laid low;
man breathes his last, and where is he?
As waters fail from a lake,
and a river wastes away and dries up,
So man lies down and rises not again;
till the heavens are no more he will not awake,
or be roused out of his sleep.
He feels only the pain of his own body,
and mourns only for himself.

We ought not to be surprised to find in the Old Testament that man is pictured as a tragic figure who courageously, sometimes defiantly, defends himself before God, arguing with him, and bluntly stating what he thinks is a good case. Also the tragic sense of life has coloured the presentation even of the heroes and 'saints' of Israel. One of the heart-warming things about the Old Testament is that not one of its cardinal figures is presented as free from serious moral flaws. There is a tragic form about the life and work of, say, Moses, Saul, David; and the same tragic sense is to be seen in the way the life and mission of the Old Testament prophets is presented. Moses, the man of faith, is presented as one who had to struggle with doubt—his own and that of his people—and the tradition suggests that a fundamental doubt about the providence of God at a critical juncture brought about his tragic downfall and failure to enter the Promised Land.

Then there was Saul, first king of Israel, a young man of brilliant promise, but he was plagued by a Hamlet-like indecision, lived through moods and jealousies, and his downfall was the subject of one of the superb laments of the Old Testament:

How are the mighty fallen!
Tell it not in Gath,
publish it not in the street of Ashkelon;
lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
lest the daughters of the uncircumcised exult.
Ye mountains of Gilboa,
let there be no dew or rain upon you,

nor upsurging of the deep!

For there the shield of the mighty was defiled,
the shield of Saul, not anointed with oil.
From the blood of the slain,
from the fat of the mighty,
the bow of Jonathan turned not back,
and the sword of Saul returned not empty.
Saul and Jonathan, beloved and lovely!
In life and in death they were not divided;
they were swifter than eagles,
they were stronger than lions.
Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,
who clothed you daintily in scarlet,
who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.
How are the mighty fallen
in the midst of the battle!

David came to occupy such a permanent place in Jewish piety that one would have expected him to escape tragic treatment. All the more striking then is the frankness and realism in dealing with his weaknesses in public and private life.

We see the same pattern in the Old Testament prophets. They did not want to be prophets, they had to pronounce a judgment they knew to be just, but it involved their own people. So we have the tragic loneliness of a Jeremiah, who doubted his calling, and also found himself isolated from his fellows.

This tragic view also coloured the way the Hebrews looked at their history. It is not easy for a people to believe that God has chosen it to be humiliated by other nations. We English have certainly never toyed with that idea. But Israel came to believe it. In the cycle of servant poems now embedded in the book of Isaiah there is a remarkable picture of Israel as a prophet, like Jeremiah in fact, isolated from his fellows, humiliated and suffering. Those who first saw him dismissed it as yet another example of the tragedy of life. But when they looked again and reflected more deeply they saw that there was more to it than that. It was not just a case of goodness and nobility being destroyed by chance fortune. The life and death of this prophet (he is Israel we remember) was to have in the sight of God atoning power. That is to say, through this life of self-effacing obedience the tragic wastage was being turned into something positive. This is more than Stoic resignation.

The Tragic View and Faith

A good example of the Old Testament tension between the tragic view and faith is found in the way the Hebrews came to regard sin. The tragic view wants to do justice to our dignity as human beings. It sees us as victims of circumstances. This tragic mood lies behind the Genesis account of the origin of sin, the Adam and Eve story. Our temptation is to be like God; to think that we are the only creators. I can say 'God' when I mean me. The Hebrews thought of sin as a defiance of God, a human jealousy of divinity, the rebellion of a stiff-necked people with proud looks. The man

who sins is an impressive figure, worthy of serious judgment—the judgment of God. But before the Bible was finished our human inclination to deify ourselves had been matched by God doing the opposite. Human sin, climbing to God on our terms, turned out to be a ludicrous and blasphemous parody of what God in fact did in Jesus.

For Old Testament humanism, scepticism was not the last word. The tragic sense never produced thorough-going despair. God would overcome the contradictions of created existence. The Hebrew faith could contain the maximum

amount of disillusionment within the context of hope. It was kept back from ultimate despair by its unconquerable hope.

While death must meantime be faced as the end, nevertheless the hope became increasingly strong that God would continue to be the God he had shown himself to be in Israel's history: the God who had created man in his own image for personal reasons (in the very best sense of the term), that God would see to it that his purpose did not in the end fail. So while the Old Testament leaves one with a picture of Israel struggling to recover from a national

disaster, lying prostrate before the nations, yet there is the feeling that the end is not yet. It is not a tidy finale, with no more to be said: there are sufficient loose ends to make one feel that there might be another way of writing the last act of the human drama. And although the Old Testament leaves one with the picture of man slowly going to his long home, the grave, yet there are the mourners still left who go about the streets. The end is not complete silence. There is the plea of the dirge, there is the tragic lament wherein lies the embryo of faith.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

'Systematic Soldiering' in Industry

Sir,—The talk by Mr. Tom Lupton on 'Systematic Soldiering' (THE LISTENER, March 31) is most interesting and helpful. My experience confirms his conclusion that there are severe limits to the effectiveness of purely administrative or human relations solutions to the problems of manager-worker co-operation.

For too long after the war many of us in management—and especially works management—were misled by the 'harmony' or 'human relations' school of management writing into believing that all problems could be solved by good administration combined with a 'we're-all-in-the-same-boat-together' approach. We were naively surprised when this approach proved not merely almost totally ineffective in increasing output but often even contributed to the creation of difficulties by pretending they did not exist.

These difficulties, as Mr. Lupton reminds us, arise because the factory community is divided into groups with 'discrepant but equally valid claims and ideas'. These groups may indeed be in the same boat; but they will have properly differing views on how the boat should be rowed and how the catch is to be divided. Failure to recognize this has, I suggest, been a source of much trouble. Yet it is not easy for managers to learn this necessary truth. For it means that we must abandon ideas of 'leading' or 'managing' in the old paternal or even military sense and develop techniques of guiding, persuading, consulting, and elucidating—with the object of getting decisions taken quickly and responsibly on the basis of the highest common factor of agreement.

A manager's task seen in this light—the reconciling on a mutually acceptable basis of the potentially conflicting claims of various groups so that the underlying unity of all can be generally acknowledged—may not be easy but it can be exciting. To help us we want more research into the factory situation; more knowledge of the historical and social factors which go to make up this situation; and more talks from, and meetings with, social scientists such as Mr. Lupton.—Yours, etc.

Wakefield

RICHARD O'BRIEN

Sir,—Mr. T. Lupton's talk is an encouraging sign that in sociology the piecemeal empiricists are not getting it all their own way.

Since Professor Karl Popper's heavy artillery

sent the 'holists' running for cover, few social scientists have dared to look much further than their noses. There are now signs of a counter-attack. Mr. Lupton has the courage to take his study of industrial behaviour beyond the factory gates and to say, for example, that 'the concept of a "fair day's work" is a social concept, as well as a technical and physiological one'.

This is an exciting observation from a contemporary sociologist and, if we become a little intoxicated by the obvious, we must plead that long confinement in a darkened cell is likely to give ordinary daylight a dazzling brilliance. With the enterprise of Mr. Lupton and those who tread a like path we may even, one day, recover some of the sweep and wholeness of vision characteristic of 'classical' sociology. The totalitarianism, implicit or explicit, of a Comte or a Marx has, unfortunately, sent too many social scientists scuttling to the safety of hole-and-corner inquiry. Mr. Lupton's studies suggest that this 'social engineering' has made little progress in a field which ought surely to have been ideal for its application.

To relate significantly any sociological study to its wider context will always demand immense imaginative effort, as well as the ability to formulate those questions, ethical and political, which such an approach makes inevitable. There is enough evidence in Mr. Lupton's talk to suggest that such energy and talent will not go unrewarded.—Yours, etc.,

Brighton, 6

JAMES E. MILLER

Guarantees and the Buyer's Rights

Sir,—Guarantees put shoppers in a great predicament, as Mr. A. L. Diamond points out (THE LISTENER, March 31). Either they sign—and sign away the right to sue the manufacturer for injury by a faulty appliance; or they refuse, and so do not have the benefit of the manufacturer's servicing facilities if the appliance goes wrong.

Shopper's Guide suggested recently that one way out of this predicament might be for the shopper, before signing a guarantee, to cross out the clauses which deprive him of rights. A few readers have since reported that manufacturers have, not surprisingly, rejected the amended version when this has been tried. But a series of such pin pricks might ultimately have some effect—and, short of the legislation Mr.

A. L. Diamond suggests, what other protest can the shopper make?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1 S. MARSDEN-SMEDLEY
(Assistant Editor of *Shopper's Guide*)

Don't Rock Our Boat

Sir,—Having recently returned from another visit to the Union, the Federation, and Kenya I have been reading the correspondence arising from Mrs. Barnes's talk 'Don't Rock our Boat' (printed in THE LISTENER of March 3). If we were living in a reasonable world in which moderate opinion carried weight much of her talk would make sense, although she does not mention the most unreasonable and potentially dangerous section of the Rhodesian community which is the European who has emigrated from Britain since the second world war.

Unfortunately moderate opinions are at a discount. A typhoon of African nationalism is sweeping over the continent. It is not a question of rocking a boat; there is an imperative need to run before the storm if the boat is not to be swamped. To run before a storm can be good seamanship. If the Europeans in Africa south of the equator are to stay in that position of essential leadership without which all their achievements will be lost it will be necessary for them now to present African leaders with political proposals of so radical and startling a character that the latter will be forced into alliance with responsible European opinion. The Rhodesian pioneers took tremendous risks; their children and grand-children must do the same at the political and economic level. In terms of practical measures, N. Rhodesia and Nyasaland must become self-governing states on a common electoral roll, and in S. Rhodesia Africans must be given at least parity in the Assembly.

The word 'Federation' will have to be forgotten but there is still a faint chance that by making a fresh start one could build up a Commonwealth of Central Africa on a functional basis and so retain some of the manifest economic advantages of Federation. I realize perfectly well that to thrust far-reaching political responsibilities at the African masses is to take a tremendous chance but what is the alternative? The events in the Union, which will have a profound influence elsewhere, answer the question.—Yours, etc.,

Bordon

STEPHEN KING-HALL

(continued on page 626)



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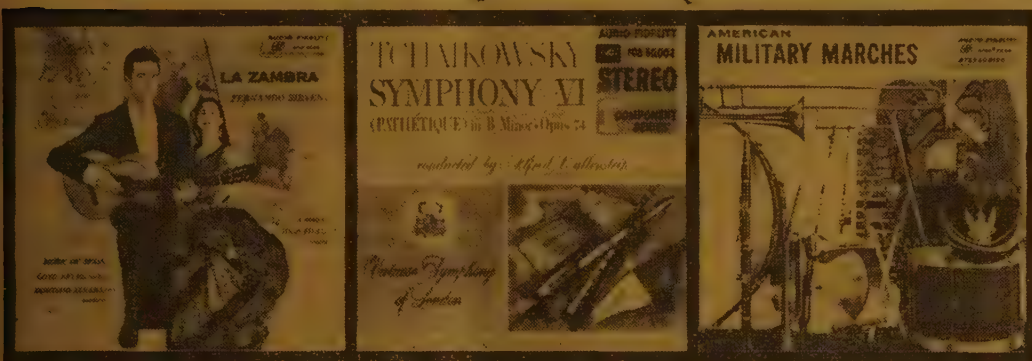
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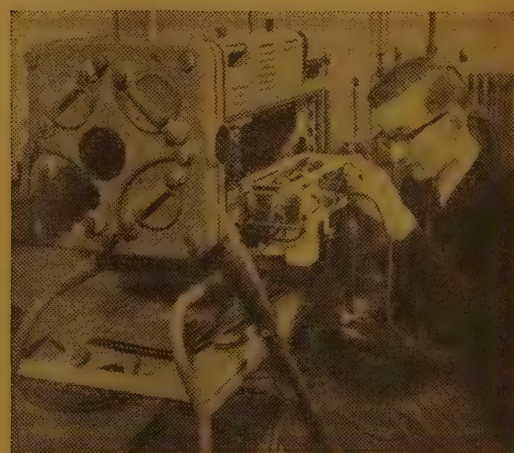
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TRANSMITTER ENGINEERS

(continued from page 624)

Sir,—The apologists for European settlers in Southern Rhodesia must, I think, answer one question before the settlers can be said to be 'doing a magnificent job', as one of your correspondents claims: how can they be said to be helping African advance when over the last forty years they have passed a series of laws to prevent Africans from advancing—to prevent them from acquiring a fair proportion of the land: from selling crops competitively; from getting skilled jobs; from even living where they like? It is illegal for Africans to advance in most sections of life; and behind the laws lies European public opinion that tries to impress on Africans the superiority of every European to every African. In these conditions it is unreal for Mr. Ryan to plead for time 'to allow Africans to assimilate the complexities of civilisation': the Africans aren't allowed to do so. And the pass system, so ominously in the news, is still *de rigueur* in Southern Rhodesia.

Similarly, Mr. Ryan should not make such statements as 'impressible people who are, as yet, too superstitious to use the hospital'—as if the hospitals stand equipped but empty, awaiting their first patient. One hears this sort of talk all too frequently from white settlers and their supporters; these tendentious statements, unsupported by evidence, are perhaps the greatest obstacle to the country's advance.

Yours, etc.,

Clacton-on-Sea

R. MCGREGOR

Germany's Collective Shame

Sir,—I am afraid I can neither agree with Mr. Bruno Kindermann, who is a German, nor with Mr. Eugene Rolfe who is British, because both of them seem to know very little of German history. Judicious Germans have always taken a much more sober and pessimistic view of their nation. Let me quote some of them.

Nietzsche said long ago: 'The Germans know the hidden roads to chaos.' Count Zedlitz, the Kaiser's Lord Chamberlain, said in 1918: 'We have been a nation of slaves and suffered the fate of slaves'. Hermann Hesse, a poet and novelist who is far too little known in this country although he was awarded the Nobel Prize a few years ago, addressed his defeated nation with these words in 1919:

Have you never asked yourselves why you are so deeply hated, shunned and feared by the world? Because, with the help of your Kaiser and of Richard Wagner, you performed an opera which nobody in the world took seriously except yourselves. And behind that operatic power state you allowed all your dark, slavish and megalomaniacal instincts to grow and thrive.

After Germany's second downfall he said:

Hitler could perfectly have been seen through in 1923 by anybody who cared to see, and when he was not shot after his abortive revolt, everybody knew, who cared to know, what would become of Germany . . . The Germans are impossible as a political nation.

Professor Karl Heim, a Lutheran theologian, said:

Only the German nation which possesses but a minimum of political instinct could have hailed a man like Hitler.

Thomas Mann says in his post-war novel of Germany's pact with the Devil in 1933, *Doctor Faustus*:

A patriotism which should boldly assert that this blood state which took on its shoulders

immeasurable crimes, is foreign to our national character and has no roots in it: such a patriotism would seem to me more high-minded than realistic . . . We Germans perennially yearn for intoxication.

Of Bismarck's Reich he says:

It was a pure power structure and aimed at getting the hegemony over Europe. Born of wars, the unholy German empire of the Prussian nation could never be anything but a war empire. As such it lived, a thorn in the flesh of Europe, and as such it perished.

As the Germans have been repeating ever since 1945 that they knew nothing of the horrors of the concentration camps, it is necessary to remind them of what Hitler said in the Reichstag on January 30, 1939:

If international Jewry should succeed in plunging the nations into another world war, the result will not be a victory of the Jews, but the extermination of the Jewish race in Europe.

Did no German read this in his newspaper? Professor Wilhelm Roepke who, although of pure 'Aryan' blood, left Nazi Germany in disgust, said in 1946:

All this could have been foreseen long before National Socialism revealed its true face, if you had cared to look at the words and deeds of the National Socialists. Do not believe that it is enough to call them a gang of criminals with whom you have nothing to do. There is no doubt whatever that National Socialism was the outcome of conditions peculiar to Germany alone. In order to germinate, the seed of Hitlerism had to find a favourable soil. The Third Reich is deeply rooted in German history.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.6

J. LESSER

The Art of the Possible

Sir,—Mr. Alex Comfort's assertion (THE LISTENER, March 24) that protein deficiencies in Africa could be eliminated in one year may be open to question, but Mr. Herbert Addison should make sure of his own facts before rushing in to dispute it.

There were no 'Hula disturbances in Nyasaland' last year because Hula happens to be in Kenya. To say that the 'root cause' of such disturbances as there were 'was a dispute about digging irrigation ditches' is to ignore a great deal of evidence to the contrary. The Devlin Report makes clear that although unpopular agricultural legislation was 'a very happy hunting ground' for Congress leaders, it was used as a stick to beat the Government in a dispute which ranged over a number of more important political issues—Federation and the amount and timing of African participation in Government being the most notable. Moreover, the Report notes that 'Not all the rules are universally considered to be beneficial, even by well-informed opinion' and 'Dr. Banda . . . did not disapprove of agricultural legislation as such but he strongly disapproved of its enforcement by punishment and not by persuasion'.

Perhaps we can learn from the recent history of the Gold Coast—Ghana. Here the nationalist leaders used similarly unpopular agricultural legislation (the compulsory cutting out of cocoa trees with swollen shoot disease) as a stick with which to beat the Government. When they achieved power they enforced this necessary legislation even more effectively than the previous Government had done. Farmers, especially relatively backward ones, are always loth to

change their ways. They are more likely to listen to the voices of their own leaders than those of alien rulers, however well intentioned.

Yours, etc.,

Matlock

PAUL FORDHAM

Saving Nubia's Past from the Flood

Sir,—We are asked to provide many millions for the preservation of Egyptian antiquities which will be submerged by the Nile reservoir. Will still water be more destructive to stone objects than the sand-laden winds they have endured for 4,000 years? They have all been photographed and recorded and will hardly be worth going to see at the bottom of a well.

The upstream end of the lake will be shallow to no depth at all. If an earth dam, say four feet high with a base of twenty-four feet, were erected with its top level with the top of the High Dam, scores of square miles of Nubia would be left dry or available for minor irrigation crops. Such a dam is extremely easy to build. No concrete is needed. I know because I have done it—Yours, etc.,

Fordingbridge

H. S. W. EDWARDES

Julian the Apostate

Sir,—Having had to make an extensive study of Julian's life and works in preparation for my last book *Mithras: The Fellow in the Cap*, I must take issue with Mr. R. M. Ogilvie (THE LISTENER, March 31) in his statement that the Apostate failed because he had 'no ideology to offer' as an alternative to Christianity. He had, in fact, the most ambitious plan for the unification of mankind in a universal solar worship, and his failure lay in the early death which prevented this plan from being fulfilled.

As the excavations of Mithraic relics during the past century have borne witness, Mithraism was the great rival of the Church for the first 400 years of the Christian era. Julian, an initiate into its mysteries, visualized this cult—always so immensely popular with the Roman legions—being revived in the purified form made possible by the rationalization of the philosophy of Plotinus which was acceptable both to the pagan and Christian intelligentsia, and reorganized on the lines of the newer Faith. Gregory Nazianzen wrote indignantly that the Emperor 'was intending to establish schools in every town . . . purposing to build inns and hospices for pilgrims, monasteries for men, convents for virgins . . . to establish a system of charity for the relief of prisoners . . . things which he had especially admired in our institutions'.

In fact, in an age when, as Gibbon puts it, 'Christians had forgotten the spirit of the gospel; and the pagans had imbibed the spirit of the Church', Julian intended to adopt the superior organization of the ideology he loathed to the ancient Faith which, for lack of proper organization, had fallen into disrepute. When, at the age of twenty, he was secretly initiated, Gibbon tells us: 'The pleasing rumour was cautiously circulated among the adherents of the ancient worship; and his future greatness became the object of the hopes, the prayers, and the predictions of the Pagans, in every province of the empire'. These were only awaiting their time to rebuild their overturned altars and return to the *status quo* that had preceded the defection and death of Constantine. Julian's first move was to return their favourite God, 'Mithras—also a soldier', to the legions and to remove the initials

of Jesus Christ from the Mithraic cross and crown of the famous Labarum that symbolized Constantine's design to amalgamate the two Faiths. Julian feared nothing from a Church he despised. Regarding the perpetual feuds among the Christian bishops and the constant alteration of their dogmas, he early decided that 'they neither understood nor believed the religion for which they so fiercely contended'; whereas his grounding in neoplatonism gave him 'all the answers' for a reformed solar monotheism. And there seems little doubt that, had he enjoyed a normal lifespan and been able to put his elaborate and intelligent plans into effect, Mithraism rather than an adulterated and paganized Christianity would have become the state religion of the Roman empire.—Yours, etc.,
Selsey
ESME WYNNE-TYSON

Business Archives

Sir,—I have just read in *THE LISTENER* of March 24 a short account of the opening of the exhibition of business archives at the National Book League in London. We, in Liverpool, have a special interest in the writing of business history and some of our books are on display in London. We were, however, a little disappointed that no mention was made in *THE LISTENER* of our new journal called *Business History*. Our aim in publishing this journal is to bring business men and business historians together. We carry articles of academic standing and review books on business history. In addition we have a section specifically devoted to the work of the Business Archives Council. From time to time, too, we publish articles dealing with the business records in local Record Offices. It is our hope that, by such publication, we can interest the business man in the academic value of the records of his firm.—Yours, etc.,
Liverpool, 7
F. E. HYDE

Editor, *Business History*

The Dominican Republic

Sir,—I was interested to read Mr. Mossman's reply following Mr. Hilary Corke's criticism of his reporting methods. Since Mr. Mossman mentions journalism and its higher responsibilities, may I suggest a definition of what it should be: the unbiased reporting of both sides of a question followed by an honest assessment and summing up by the reporter. What I failed completely to get from Mr. Mossman's presentation of the Dominican Republic, and what I had hoped to get, was the reason for Dr. Trujillo's apparent popularity with his fellow countrymen and the how and why of the rise of the country from shambles to a fair level of prosperity under his thirty-year rule.

I find Mr. Mossman's excuse for not putting the other side's case unconvincing. He says, in effect, that it was because he could not interview Trujillo or his family. Would he therefore give a completely 'anti' account of Russia because the Khrushchevs were too busy to see him? He certainly did not leave out the Cuban Government's case the following week when he had been unable to see Dr. Castro or his brother.

I am inclined to think that too many journalists today set out with a predetermined angle which can be guaranteed to make a bright arresting story. This in some cases can be quite harmless but when the same treatment is given out to a friendly country by a B.B.C. reporter, who is rightly or wrongly often regarded abroad

as an official British spokesman, the effect can be unfortunate, to say the least.

While the reporter should, of course, always give his honest opinion, it is surely not enough in these circumstances to devote, as was done in this case, one minute to a few perfunctory words describing material progress and nine minutes to an unprovoked personal attack backed up with worn-out devices such as a setting sun which I thought had gone out with the silent film.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.15
M. R. D. BUTLER

'Child's-eye View'

Sir,—'Critic on the Hearth' says that we implied with our item on the 'Child's-eye View' exhibition that (a) objects ought to be scaled down in the nursery to child-size; (b) that there is no fun in large furniture for the child; (c) that our next step might be to have only trained dwarfs as nursemaids.

We did not imply these things. It is absurd to ignore that we explicitly said how, in many ways, the large furniture is a stimulating and important part of the child's life: the two-and-a-half times sized bed, illustrated in *THE LISTENER*, was used during the interview to show only what fun a child can have bouncing on it.

It is a particular pity that Mr. Corke implied the opposite of what we said because our explicit conclusions, which occupied more than half the item of fifteen minutes, incidentally, was surely more interesting: the two-and-a-half times width of motor-roads and that the increased danger to children should be counteracted.

Our item dealt with the Radburn idea, as executed by the City Architect of Coventry in the housing estate, Willenhall Wood I, an excellent example of this life-saving idea, which is working well. A model was used to illustrate the masterly separation of pedestrian and motor traffic into two systems which do not cross. Children from hundreds of dwellings will go to school without negotiating a single road. Practicable, and cheaper than traditional housing layout, this is surely a 'family affair'.

As joint authors of *The Free Family* we hope that future readers will not be put off our book by Mr. Corke's unfortunate opinions. They do not apply to us at all.—Yours, etc.,

Nottingham
PAUL RITTER

Functional Analysis

Sir,—It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a critic to learn the facts before he opines. Where are those 'composed glosses' Mr. Jeremy Noble found in my 'Functional Analysis No. 4' (*THE LISTENER*, March 17)? My analytic score does not contain a motif, a phrase, a rhythm, a progression, a modulation, that does not appear in Haydn's original score.

Unfortunately, Mr. Noble misheard my words in the light of his prejudices. I never suggested to him that 'an objection' to my earlier analyses had occurred to me, nor did I say that the second half of 'F.A. No. 4' and my later analyses 'were composed more freely'. (As a matter of fact they are composed far more strictly.) I did say, however, that they were composed less didactically—the only point on which Mr. Noble does not misquote me. But didacticism is not necessarily a fault. What happened in the course of 'F.A.'s' development was that,

quite naturally, the new analytic procedure was rather primitive to begin with, and gradually grew into something more complex and economical. The receptivity of its players and many of its listeners grew with it, while others still find the didactic approach the more successful, because it is simpler.

Finally, Mr. Noble ruminates on 'background relationships' which certainly exist in a work of this kind, but cannot perhaps be 'satisfactorily or definitively expressed as a temporal structure at all, except of course as an expansion of the original structure'. Musical relationships that can't be expressed musically are like logical relationships that can't be expressed logically.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

HANS KELLER

Mr. Noble writes:

Whether or not this particular 'F.A.' contained 'not a motif . . .' etc. 'that does not appear in Haydn's original score' (and Mr. Keller is obviously in a better position to know this than I am), the fact remains that it is in an obvious (and non-derogatory) sense a gloss upon Haydn's score.

I quite agree that didacticism is not necessarily a fault. I imagined, however, that the point of functional analysis was to make us aware of motivic relationships within the original score, either (a) in a more profound way than the usual, Tovey type of descriptive analysis could, or (b) which were inexpressible in any other way. If, therefore, in an analytic score two related phrases are juxtaposed so bluntly (i.e., didactically) as to force one into immediately interpreting Mr. Keller as meaning 'x is related to y in such-and-such a way', has not its specific effectiveness as functional analysis been diminished?

As for my rumination: the distinction I was trying, however inefficiently, to make was that between a group of propositions about musical relationships on the one hand and on the other an analytic score demonstrating them in a fixed temporal order. I should genuinely like to know whether these are simply alternative methods of presenting the same information or whether the information they present is dissimilar, and whether, in either case, the latter is inherently superior to the former.

I am not quite happy about Mr. Keller's analogy between logic and music. Is sculpture to be analysed sculpturally and painting pictorially?

—Editor, *THE LISTENER*.

Underdogs

Sir,—I have been asked by Messrs. Weidenfeld and Nicolson to edit a symposium of underdog confessions. The idea is that contributors, who may remain anonymous if they wish, should each write some 5,000 to 10,000 words on their own experience of a condition of mistreatment or supposed inferiority. The conditions may be racial, sexual, mental, criminal, physical, or any other, provided that they satisfy the editorial demands for interest, intensity, humour, or other qualities. Would anyone who feels inclined to contribute please communicate with me, before writing their contribution.—Yours, etc.,

The Observer,

PHILIP TOYNBEE

22, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4

Michael Faraday, 1791-1867

Sir,—I am preparing a biography of Michael Faraday (1791-1867) to be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. I write to enquire if any of your readers could assist me in my search for letters by or about him.—Yours, etc.,

Orchard Lea Lodge, L. PEARCE WILLIAMS
Boars Hill, Oxford

What Does Architecture Mean to You?

By ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

SOME years ago the Extra-Mural Department of London University had the courage and enterprise to launch a course of study for a new diploma such as can be obtained at no other university: its title is 'The Visual Arts: Study and Criticism'. 'The basic object of this four-year course', the prospectus tells us, 'is to help students to look at works of art with greater perception and understanding. The course aims at the enrichment of experience through stressing visual criteria, largely by analysis and comparison'. Professor Rasmussen's new book* might have been designed for people following such a course. It is a discussion, at once learned and completely free from pretension or obscurity, of what architecture is about, based on a series of lectures delivered in London in 1958.

In England, those who are attracted to pictures would appear easily to outnumber those who know and care about buildings, but personally I have long held the view that architecture is the art that matters most. One could, if one were unlucky enough, go through life without ever really seeing either a painting or a work of sculpture: many people undoubtedly do so. But one cannot walk along a street without being in the presence of architecture. One cannot escape it, even if one wants to. So, in my view, it is wrong to allow boys and girls to leave school without ever having had their eyes opened to architecture, which has so much more relevance to most people's lives than several other accepted school 'subjects'.

It is useful, certainly, to be able to recognize the various styles with which every history of architecture is primarily concerned. But this should be done in passing, as it were. Experiencing architecture implies a great deal more. It involves, first, some understanding of the forms of architecture in all their rich variety. Then, quite untechnically, we must study the materials out of which buildings are made, chiefly important to us, as potential enjoyers, for their texture and for their colour. The innumerable ways in which buildings have been ornamented offer another wonderful field of experience. And, beyond all this, there is sometimes the possibility of extending our appreciation from the single building to the group: a town square, perhaps; a street; a *quartier*; even, more rarely, a complete town.

Professor Rasmussen, who first made his name in England in 1937 with a remarkably perceptive study of our capital, *London, the Unique City*, does not deal with all these aspects in any detail. His two pages about the textures of masonry are perfunctory, and his chapter on colour is a missed opportunity, being mainly concerned with internal effects. No less than four out of a

total of eight coloured plates show the interior of a school designed by himself near Copenhagen, which, with all respect, is far less adventurous and effective in the use of colour than are the interiors of at least twenty schools in Leicestershire. And the group aspect is not discussed here: he examined this in some detail, nine years ago, in his *Towns and Buildings*.

In other directions, however, this new book is highly suggestive, especially in the chapters entitled 'Scale and Proportion' and 'Rhythm in Architecture'. In the former, some consideration is given to a question of lasting fascination: how far is it possible to formulate universal principles of architectural proportion? Today,



Rhythm in Venetian houses: a fifteenth-century row in the Calle dei Preti

when so many building components are standardized and pre-fabricated, such a system has obvious economic advantages, which was no doubt one of the factors that prompted Le Corbusier some years ago to produce his 'Modulor'. Moreover, for buildings whose geometry is much in evidence—meaning, broadly speaking, those designed in a Classical idiom or in that contemporary mode which derives, however little apparent, from Classicism—it is perfectly feasible to lay down ratios and other rules of proportion. Even in England, a country temperamentally little disposed to Classical art of any kind, the Georgian house owed a great deal to the observance of certain canons of proportion.

But, as Professor Rasmussen so rightly observes, 'a period of rigorously correct architecture is often followed by one in which the buildings deviate from accepted canons. For the truth is that when once we have become familiar with the rules, the buildings that comply with them become tiresome'. Hence, for good or ill, Mannerism and then Baroque followed the Renaissance, and the Victorians reacted against the 'dullness' of Georgian. Moreover Gothic architecture, which Sir Herbert Read once described as 'indubitably the greatest type of art yet achieved by man', was never bound by rules of proportion: almost every major building embodied some new experiment. Perhaps that is why, for many amateurs of architecture, the great Gothic buildings are found ultimately to have more staying power than any others. Nor

am I thinking only of the cathedrals, although it is of course they which spring to mind first. This book includes an analysis of the Doges' Palace, which disobeys all the obvious rules ('massive above and pierced below, . . . cut off arbitrarily at the edges'), and yet is unchallengeably one of the great buildings of the world.

The subject of rhythm also has a particular relevance to Gothic architecture, because, as the author again rightly indicates, a single elongated bay of a Gothic church has no particular meaning: it is when a series of bays is apprehended in succession that the experience becomes significant. This is not equally true of Classical architecture, for with rounded arches the

rhythm is slower and the units more distinct. With lintels it is slower still, while in many tall modern buildings the reiteration is insistent to the point of tedium. Yet how satisfying, rhythmically, are many Georgian crescents and terraces, with their 'punctuation marks' at each end and, sometimes, though this may not be necessary, the 'pause for breath' in the centre. Housing in crescents and terraces, not too high, is still, for towns, the best-mannered form of any: at once the most urbane and the most urban.

Here, too, the analogy between architecture and music (which, as the author suggests, has sometimes been over stressed) seems at its most meaningful. Nor need the 'beats' always be regular: the illustration reproduced on this page, of a terrace of fifteenth-century houses in the Arsenal quarter of Venice, provides a perfect example of more elaborate orchestration. Here, at every fourth beat, there is a 'bar-line' in the form of a projecting chimney, closely comparable to the projecting buttresses at every fourth window on the front of the Prior's Lodge at Much Wenlock, built at about the same time.

It is impossible to do more than touch upon a few of the aspects of architectural experience discussed in this study. At least one reader has closed the book regretting that it was not twice as long.

The recent award of the gold medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects to the Italian architect and engineer Pier Luigi Nervi may excite some interest in the book *Recent Italian Architecture*, by Agnoldomenico Pica (distributed in the United Kingdom by Alec Tiranti, Ltd., 25s.). It begins where Carlo Pagani's book, *Italian Architecture Today*, which was reviewed at length in THE LISTENER for June 21, 1955, leaves off. Besides including a large number of excellent photographs it has a thirty-nine-page discussion of contemporary tendencies in Italian architecture and industrial design. Four outstanding achievements are the superb Ardeatine Mausoleum near Rome, the Treasury of S. Lorenzo, Genoa, a villa of De Renzi at Sperlonga, and the Gallery of Modern Art in Turin. But the work of all living Italian architects of note is mentioned and illustrated.

* *Experiencing Architecture*, by Steen Eiler Rasmussen (Chapman and Hall, 30s.), from which our illustration is taken

The Listener's Book Chronicle

War Memoirs: General de Gaulle.
Volume III. Salvation, 1944-1946
 Translated from the French by
 Richard Howard.
 Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.

Reviewed by DAVID THOMSON

WHEN DE GAULLE visited Canada in 1945 the Earl of Athlone pointed out that the General's popularity there had trebled since his previous visit in 1944. 'Because', he said, 'then you were a question mark; now you are an exclamation mark.' Since, under the Fifth Republic and its crisis of last January, President de Gaulle has become both, this third volume of his *Memoirs* has intense topical interest and importance. It is his own account, written with an elegance and astringence already familiar in the previous volumes, of the crucial years between liberation and his 'departure' from political life in January 1946. The General's views on his first 'salvation' of France and the birth of the Fourth Republic have enhanced significance since his second 'salvation' and the creation of the Fifth Republic with himself at its head.

The book is an entrancing revelation both of de Gaulle's political philosophy and attitude to the tasks of government, and of his own personality and character. He refers to his position in 1945 as a 'sort of monarchy', and gives reasons for his refusal to perpetuate his dictatorial powers. He believed that after liberation and the immediate tasks of recovery had been accomplished sovereignty must be handed back to the French people. This he had always promised, and 'if my power had been increasingly recognized, it was to a large extent because of this commitment'. Consistent in his nationalism, he consulted the sovereign will of the nation. The political parties and their leaders rejected his proposals for ensuring a stronger authority in the state: so he withdrew, to await events. Twelve years later events were to recall him to power.

Throughout he has regarded a strong and active state power as the prerequisite of national recovery and security. Of President Lebrun and the collapse of 1940 he writes acidly: 'As the leader of the state, he had lacked two essential things: he was not a leader, and there was no state'. His first aim in 1944 was to restore political authority to the French State, both at home and abroad: and the new state must be no mere 'juxtaposition of private interests' but an institution of decision, action and ambition, expressing and serving the national interest alone.' He strove to assert this ambition during the war, even at the immense risk of disrupting allied unity before Germany was defeated. But he is here totally unrepentant for the recurrent crises he created for General Eisenhower and Mr. Churchill. He succeeded, by rigid intransigence, in regaining France's place among the major Powers. That justifies all. He is still engaged in asserting this status.

His personality emerges from both deeds and

words. He scored a diplomatic triumph in his meeting with Stalin, and was capable of sharp repartee in the process. He revived the *Académie Française* but refused to become a member because, he told Duhamel, 'as you know, de Gaulle cannot belong to any category, nor receive any distinction'. When obliged to speak impromptu in the Assembly he would allow himself 'to be caught up in deliberate emotion', though because of 'love of exactitude and of a certain oratorical vanity' he preferred to learn a prepared text by heart. He avowedly delights in military parades. He speaks of himself in the third person as often as in the first. Yet for all the self-revelation here offered, much of the enigma remains. How much of the emotion is 'deliberate'—how much does the Olympian manner conceal a shrewd realist?

The Other Face. Catholic Life under Elizabeth I. Collected and edited by Philip Caraman. Longmans. 30s.

An anthology is always a subjective thing; and one of the measures of its success lies in the stimulating personal vision it gives of the age or subject it illustrates. Measured in these terms, *The Other Face* fully lives up to expectations. For here, in some three hundred pages, we have a variety of contemporary extracts covering the lives of English Catholics from the cradle to the grave—or, more often in this volume, to the torture chamber and the hangman's noose. The passages chosen are always vivid, sometimes moving and, in some cases, sharply memorable in their acute expression of the moods of the time or the sufferings of an individual.

There is, however, a second test for an anthology, namely how far does it give a balanced picture of its chosen field? Under such a test *The Other Face* raises the profoundest doubts in the mind of the reader.

For example, since a third of the book deals with 'Persecution', 'Torture', 'The Gallows' and related subjects it is pertinent to ask what help the reader is given towards an understanding of why that persecution took place. In other words, why have the passages been selected in such a way that all the barbarous severities are displayed over and over again without the relevant document which would explain how such a situation arose?

We may take a few instances from many in this book. The suffering of the missionaries is fully recounted here but not a sentence from the Bull of 1570 which deposed Elizabeth and called upon her subjects to throw off their obedience, and therefore awakened the gravest fears about the missionaries when they came. Cardinal Allen's propaganda tracts are frequently cited but not one word from the appropriate passages showing his pressure upon Philip II to invade England or his plans for reform when the victorious Spanish Armada would have broken the English defences, extinguished her independence and set up a Catholic state under Spanish patronage. Mary, Queen of Scots is here—apparently dying as a Catholic martyr

—with no hint that she was executed for one of a series of attempts to start a civil war in England. Father Parsons is lavishly reported but no murmur of his elaborate intrigues in Rome and Madrid to stir up trouble over the English succession. In four separate places we have parts of the answer to Burghley's *Execution of Justice in England* but never a line from Burghley's *Execution* to enable him to speak in his own defence, or to enable the reader to understand the policy of Elizabeth and her government and the root cause of Elizabethan penal legislation.

The editor has also made one excursion into France to show the French Protestants engaged presumably in their well-known sport in which 'they cut infants in two, they ripped the bellies of priests and drew out their entrails by little and little, winding them about a stick or tree'; but nothing from some equally trustworthy 'source' about the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day so that French developments could be seen in perspective. On the other hand the Protestant martyrs under Mary Tudor are represented as 'a few apostates and cobblers'.

There are several comments that could be made about this method of selection. It must suffice to say that, if the editor had cut out some of his long string of atrocity stories he would have had space to print other more relevant extracts. Nothing, of course, can justify these barbarous punishments, inflicted by both sides, or diminish the heroism of the martyrs, either under Mary or Elizabeth. But by a more balanced presentation the editor would have enabled his readers to see that, in their treatment of missionary Catholicism, Elizabethans were not expressing some perverted blood lust but fighting, as they believed, for their independence and integrity.

JOEL HURSTFIELD

Hons and Rebels. By Jessica Mitford. Gollancz. 18s.

The first chapters of Miss Jessica Mitford's autobiography could stand as a classic textbook on how not to bring up well-adjusted children. The Mitford girls, Miss Mitford writes, were all 'terrific haters'. They had before them the example of their father, Lord Redesdale, who excluded from his home 'not only Huns, Frogs, Americans, blacks and all other foreigners, but also other people's children, the majority of my older sisters' acquaintances, almost all young men'. Among the few approved was Uncle Tommy, a local magistrate, who was told that he could pay a professional witness to take over from him the duty of attending a hanging. 'Pay someone to go to the theatre', he roared. 'I should say not'.

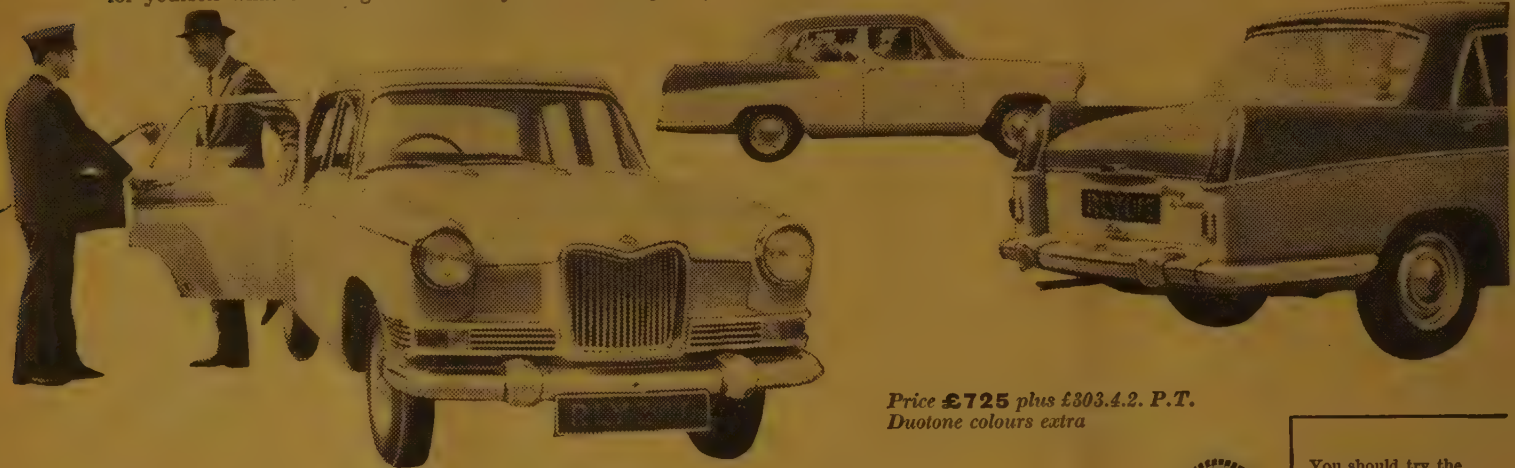
The governess the younger girls liked best was Miss Bunting, an expert in 'jiggery-pokery' or shop-lifting. She and her pupils practised in the Oxford shops before adjourning 'to take stock of the day's haul over cups of steaming hot chocolate' in the local tea-room.

Of the sisters themselves, Deborah as a child insisted that she was going to marry a Duke, and has become the Duchess of Devonshire.

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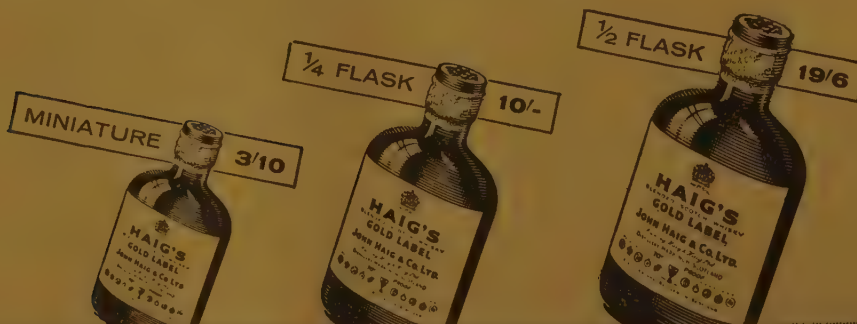
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iana married Sir Oswald Mosley, Unity let her me rat loose among débutante dancers, and en became the friend and defender of Hitler. nancy, the eldest sister, is the novelist; and rt of the pleasure of *Hons and Rebels* is ntifying the originals of the characters in *The Pursuit of Love*. Lord Redesdale is the ually stormy Uncle Matthew, but was Jessica rself the first Jassy. Like Jassy, Jessica started nking her 'running-away account' when she is a child. In real life she used it to escape the war in Spain, and marry her near-munist cousin, Esmond Romilly, Winston urchill's nephew. He was eighteen, and had eady edited a magazine for rebellious public oolboys, been sent, after a complaint from mother, to a reform school, and then fought th the Spanish Loyalist army.

Together the Romillys tried to set up a gamb- g house in Dieppe, lived in the East End ms, and, after Esmond's startling success as ilk stocking salesman in Washington, became rtners in a Miami bar. The book ends with e end of an era, Esmond joins the Air Force ring the fall of France. Eighteen months er he is killed in action.

This picture Miss Mitford has drawn, of both e left and the right wing of upper-class Eng- d in the nineteen-thirties, is, to a more eamish generation, both repulsive and fas- ating. The decade itself seems remote beyond ef until one remembers that Sir Oswald osley is still a political figure, and several of Romillys' left-wing friends are now prosper- e members of the literary establishment. (Miss sica Mitford herself, at forty-three, is the wife an American trade-unionist lawyer.) What rges particularly is the undisciplined violence e Mitford-Romilly world: the main trait of e people themselves and of the causes they oused. It makes a very funny book; it must e been less funny to live with.

LOIS MITCHISON

The United States to 1865. By Michael Kraus. The United States Since 1865. By Foster Rhea Dulles.

University of Michigan Press (May- flower Press), two volumes, £3 each.

The Character of American History

By W. R. Brock. Macmillan. 25s.

Roosevelt and Modern America

By John A. Woods.

The English Universities Press. 10s. 6d.

cannot reasonably complain any longer t publishers do not give us a chance to read ut American history in reputable and serious ks. Here we have the most recent volumes of 'University of Michigan History of the rld', both worthy of their place in this ressive series and reflecting credit on the d judgment of the editors, Mr. Allan Nevins Professor Ehrmann. The latest edition to 'Teach Yourself History' series reflects lit on the judgment of Mr. A. L. Rowse, in Dr. Brock's brilliant combination of essay narrative, we have a book that is learned, te and, what is not the same thing, sagacious. d all the books are, in the best sense of the n, easy reading, well organized, well written e free from the faults of the standard text- k used in American colleges and sometimes rted and put on sale here. These are books,

not just text-books, and although each of them has a highly utilitarian value for the students or schoolboys who are 'doing' American history (and, fortunately more and more are), their real market is the open-minded, curious and reason- ably well-informed common reader.

The beginner in American history will do well to begin with Dr. Brock, for his is a book most ingeniously designed for the needs of the newcomer (teaching experience tells and here is its highly edible and nutritious fruit). Dr. Brock's book will serve many of the purposes of a short history of the United States (its foot- notes are an admirable clue to American histori- ography and to its most controversial fields). But the main object of this book, and one most successfully attained, is to clear the mind of the English reader of too many *idées reçues* which are not only false in themselves, but stand in the way of the truth. In a good sense, this is a 'sound' book, but fortunately it is not only that. Dr. Brock is willing to speculate, to judge, even to wonder what would have happened if history had been different. It is not necessary to agree with all of these speculations to be impressed, enlightened and excited by them. For example, Dr. Brock, not taken in by the whiskey- ad picture of the *ante-bellum* South, is yet more impressed than some other students are by the political virtues of the states that seceded. He thinks that 'reconstruction', in its original sense, might well have been possible, that all the good results of the Civil War might have been got without paying the frightful price. It is not necessary to believe all this to see the utility of the speculation when we assess not merely 'war guilt', but the kind of society that came out of the war, North and South. And even if you believe that, war or no war, something like Standard Oil would have arrived in the North, the Snopes family crawled out of the woodwork in the South, it is useful to ponder the more cheering possibilities that went down in battle.

Professor Dulles is more orthodox in his judgments, but he is no more enthusiastic about the society that came out of the war than is Dr. Brock. He, too, notes the colonial character of the much vaunted 'New South' (here the influence of Professor Vann Woodward is marked) and if it is true that nearly all big business in the South is branch business, some place might have been found for the only one that is wholly indigenous and independent, Coca Cola.

Professor Kraus has a more simple success story to tell and tells it with great skill and learning. Although he covers 'the War', his main theme is the making of America and the Americans, the strange, eventful history that turned the handful of harassed, disease-ridden, Indian-threatened settlers into the nation of thirty millions that nearly committed suicide, as a body politic, between 1861 and 1865. It is the history of this society, not merely of the govern- ment of the colonies and of the United States, that is told here with great if concealed art.

Professor Dulles has to tell an even more impressive success story but 'it was never bright morning again'. The arcadian farmers' republic of Jefferson died, finally, at Appomattox, and the modern America that fascinates, wins imitation, fear, and envy was being born. On all aspects of that momentous birth, Professor Dulles casts some light. We learn about the coming of Standard Oil and of *Tarzan of the Apes*, of

William Jennings Bryan (a very sympathetic portrait) and of Henry Ford. We learn of Lindbergh and of Charlie Chaplin. Since Professor Dulles rightly admires *It Happened One Night*, he might have given a 'credit' to the stars, Miss Claudette Colbert and Mr. Clark Gable. After all, this film had economic importance; it is said that the revelation that Mr. Gable did not wear an under-shirt sent the barely convalescent textile industry reeling back to the dark days of the depression. (The movie came out in 1934.)

It is this grand climacteric of modern America, the Depression, the New Deal, that is so admirably dealt with by Mr. Woods. He is not a blind admirer of F.D.R. (he tells again of the comic non-meeting of minds between the President and Keynes) but he is a sympathetic narrator (as is Professor Dulles). Two things stick out in their judicious accounts. First of all, how comparatively trivial were the sums devoted to putting the economy on its feet and causing conservatives to cry: 'Ruin'. The New Deal showed that Adam Smith was right. There is a lot of ruin in a nation. And in the year of *It Happened One Night*, police in south Chicago shot down non-combatant pickets and supporters with no notion that the day for that was past. It is only a few weeks ago that Mr. Nixon, a politico of the greatest skill, decided that it was wise and necessary to back the steel strikers against their employers after a strike costing as much as all the money 'wasted' in a year by Hopkins, Ickes, and all the other agents of Roosevelt. Some of the promise of American life was restored in those years and the promise has never been totally deceived since. It is a success story after all.

D. W. BROGAN

Emma Hamilton and Sir William Hamilton
By Oliver Warner.

Chatto and Windus. 25s.

If anyone had told Sir William Hamilton, in 1791, that he would descend to history principally as the husband of the most famous Lady Hamilton he would certainly have been surprised and most probably highly irritated. For, although as a man of fashion he prided himself upon it, his sense of humour was not his strong point. It has often seemed a little hard that he has never been made the hero of a full-length biography. Mr. Oliver Warner's latest valuable addition to Nelsoniana shows the reason why, and completely fills the gap. There is a chapter, 'Sir William when young', which tells the story of his background, his schooling, his military service and his marriage 'somewhat against my inclination' to an adoring Welsh heiress, with more care and accuracy than have ever before been bestowed upon them.

The illustrations show Sir William with his first lady (who suffered from nerves, like Lady Nelson), as a young man, by Reynolds (a disappointingly dull portrait), as Ambassador and archaeologist, observing Vesuvius with the King and Queen of Naples (by Pietro Fabris), and in his old age, which was not really a great age. But by all accounts he was a very bad seventy-three when he died, with all possible dignity, under his own roof, in Piccadilly, in the arms of his wife and holding the hand of Nelson. Mr. Warner is kind to Sir William. 'Feeling his condition serious, and not wishing that

Nelson's house should be associated with distress or grief, he had himself moved to Piccadilly, at some cost in suffering. . . . A full, varied, and fortunate life was behind him, and he could have no regrets over wasted years. His mortal span had been crammed with activity, and he had never made an enemy'. Mr. Warner's note on original sources mentions the privately printed Morrison collection, supplementary papers in the B.M. Additional and Egerton manuscripts, and transcripts of the correspondence of Sir Joseph Banks. Sir William's career as archaeologist and diplomatist would make a volume for specialists. His story as a man, especially as revealed by the letters to his nephew, is rather deplorable.

If Mr. Warner is kind to Sir William, he is perhaps a little less so to Emma Hamilton. But he is able to point out from the evidence provided by the pathetic letters of Lady Nelson, edited by Mr. Naish two years ago, that Emma did all she could to destroy Nelson's marriage. And he does not mention that she lacked courage to tell Sir William, or Nelson, of the existence of her first child 'Emma Carew'. The final chapter, 'Nelson's Emma', which gives details of a plaque erected by British Officers at Calais on the house in which she died, is gracefully and generously conceived. But upon the whole, and as usual, the person who comes best out of this extraordinary story of a regrettable triangle is still Nelson.

CAROLA OMAN

Anatomy of Prison. By Hugh J. Klare. Hutchinson. 18s.

The report of the Gladstone Committee in 1895 was a turning point in the history of English penology. Since then more and more emphasis has been laid on the treatment, training and rehabilitation of offenders, and further developments are envisaged in the White Paper on *Penal Practice in a Changing Society*. The trouble is that we have been landed with institutions designed for a purely punitive régime, with inadequate facilities for training and insufficient work to keep the prisoners fully employed. Mr. Klare, the Secretary of the Howard Penal Reform League, describes the scene, and anyone who can sentence a man or woman to a term of imprisonment should read his book. It is clearly monstrous to send a man to prison without having a clue about what happens to him when he gets there.

Mr. Klare, however, is more interested in the human relations aspect of penal institutions. Even if you pulled down all the gaols and built a lot of smaller ones, as Mr. Klare suggests, you would still be faced with difficulties in the establishment of a changed relationship between the prison officers and the prisoners in their charge. These difficulties are not insurmountable—the 'Norwich experiment' seems to be working satisfactorily at Norwich—but it is as well that they should be brought out into the open, and this is admirably done by Mr. Klare. If the prison officers are to change over from purely custodial duties to those of social workers, having small groups attached to them for guidance and rehabilitation, there is bound to be some friction in the process. To begin with, in the eyes of the prisoners, particularly those who set the tone of prison opinion, the only good screw is a dead one. Unless one is unusually experienced, a prison sentence is wounding, and

one naturally hates the guts of everyone who is responsible for the ignominious position one finds oneself in. It is obviously a matter of self-respect not to fraternize with one's gaolers and it is only prudent to suspect anyone who does so of 'grassing'. It will take some time and considerable tact to get over the natural hostility of the prison population. And what of the prison staff themselves? There is bound to be a certain amount of bewilderment at first, and new



Seitadoji: fourteenth-century Japanese wooden statuette

From *Sculpture of Japan* by William Watson (Studio Ltd., £3 5s.)

recruits will have to be endowed with social skills of a very high order. Besides this, the relations between the various grades of the prison staff, including the 'specialists' such as the chaplains, doctors, psychologists, and so on, will have to become much more flexible. A purely custodial hierarchy is authoritarian by nature, with strict discipline, fixed duties, and clearly marked rank distances. If prisoners are to be cases for treatment all this must be altered; the way must be paved for collaboration, discussion and the pooling of information and assessments. Mr. Klare pays tribute to the prison staff for the way they carry out their very difficult duties. Many of them, from governors downwards, welcome 'the reformatory aspect of their work', and they will certainly do their best with the far harder task that lies ahead of them, but he quotes a few rumbles of irritation from the *Prison Officers' Magazine*.

The relations between the different grades of staff and between the staff and the prisoners are much easier in the smaller open prisons, and this lends point to Mr. Klare's plea for smaller closed

prisons with 150 to 200 inhabitants, and a large enough staff to deal with groups of from 12 to 18 prisoners, the groups being made up of good and bad, in the hope that the former will convert the latter. These are not merely working parties but therapeutic units. It is certainly worth a try.

Finally, those in favour of reintroducing the birch will be glad to know that one prisoner who had been flogged was emphatic that: 'It did me good'. 'And to his way of thinking', says Mr. Klare, 'it might have done him good—by affirming his opinion of authority and of himself. It did not make him less violent.'

W. J. H. SPROTT

The Truest Poetry. By Laurence Lerner. Hamish Hamilton. 18s.

This book reminds me of several other volumes of criticism which have appeared in recent years and which have worked out their argument by weaving to and fro between theory and practice. 'What is literature?', asks Mr. Lerner. It must be one of only three things: knowledge, expressing emotion, or evoking it. Discussing and illustrating these views make the trunk, as it were, of this book. The limbs are added by chapters on poetry as pseudo-statement or as essentially distinct from prose and logic, on sentimentality, on hyperbole and truth-telling, and on how the novelist can speak out in his own voice. We go from theorists like Collingwood, Dewey, Richards or (in his prose) Valéry, to close discussion of individual literary works and writers. A paragraph of summary, a point or so scored against the theorist, a page on literary history, a thumb-nail comment on an author's sensibility—the reader is engaged, rapidly and flexibly, over a wide front.

Mr. Lerner soon transpires as a man fond of life, intelligent, sharply responsive to literature, sensible (the nuance of 'let's-have-no-nonsense' being a little restrictive sometimes), and witty, with an attractive if inconspicuous wit. By far the best parts of the book are the critical discussions, and what is said of Lawrence, Pound, Wordsworth, Shakespeare's comedies, and sentimentality, is notably telling and suggestive. In all, the reader is left feeling that literature is a broad and bracing study.

But there is more to say. Incisive but cursory discussion does very well in literary criticism; we may like critical judgments best when they are thrown out sharply, to shake us up, and to be tested and accepted, or thrown out to be rejected again. Not so with literary history. Here Mr. Lerner's acceptances can be conventional, his cursoriness can be suicidal. The theory of practice of Romantic poetry, he says, was the poem expressed the writer's emotion. This confirms this by quoting an isolated phrase from Wordsworth (everyone can guess what the phrase it was), some lines from a sonnet by Shelley wrote as a gift for a young woman sister of his acquaintance, and a short effusion by Longfellow. Sooner or later, of course, realities begin to peep out through the conventional myth: Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats are all spoken of in terms which contrast them with 'Romantic poetry'.

Similarly with 'literary theory'. That book tries out its three answers to 'What is Literature?' as suggestions, and does so in a lively way and in various directions, is enough. But at a more serious level of enquiry it is simply unacceptable. It never distinguishes

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between a definition and a description; it never begins to consider what 'emotion' means (this involves its author in some familiar tangles, among them identifying a man's deepest individuality with his emotions on the one hand, and 'imaginative knowledge' with 'experiencing emotions' on the other); and it disposes of theories by phrases like 'quite out of favour', 'does not sound plausible', 'the answer must be', 'it is enough to say', and, in one place, a 'need not be' to prove an 'is not'.

Yet the author is plainly an astute and sharp-witted man. How can he have included, along with lively and penetrating criticism, historical or theoretical discussions as slight as these? Perhaps through a danger inherent in our whole current notion of 'the critic'. In so far as the role of the critic is to offer to others his judgments, on important issues, based essentially on nothing but his own maturity and perceptiveness of mind, it is an inherently bold role; and its inherent tendency may be to induce over-boldness in those who assume it, to cause even modest men (as, from his tone, Mr. Lerner clearly is in himself) to spread out from criticism, and pronounce in other fields without the full historical detail, or intricate analytical rigour, that these demand. If that is right, the defects of Mr. Lerner's book help to reveal something of general importance about a favourite modern persona: which would put us further in his debt, in spite of all.

JOHN HOLLOWAY

Socialism in One Country 1924-1926:

Part Two. By E. H. Carr.

Macmillan. £2 5s.

This is the sixth volume in the planned series of ten which will make up Mr. Carr's monumental history of Soviet Russia up to 1929. The present volume is the second of three devoted to the first phase of Stalin's conflicts with his political opponents of the 'left', headed by Trotsky. In his last volume Mr. Carr dealt mainly with the economic aspects of the period. In the present volume about a third of the space is devoted to a detailed account of the political struggle between Stalin on the one hand and Zinoviev and Kamenev on the other, and to the first phase of Trotsky's alliance with these two, his former bitter enemies. The rest of the book deals with institutional history—the development of the party and of the party organs, the federal structure, the soviets, the army, and the security organs. Mr. Carr's great gift of presenting a vast mass of material with crystal clarity and in readily assimilable form needs no stressing. But the section on the soviets may be singled out for particular praise. It contains a large amount of little-known material of great importance for the understanding of the future course of events. For it shows how slender was the party's hold in the peasant hinterland, where the old communal administrative organizations still survived. The potential threat of a rival organization to the party, or what may have appeared to be one, may well have been one factor which was to influence Stalin a few years later to launch his 'third revolution'.

Of course, Mr. Carr has his idiosyncrasies, which must be familiar to all his readers by now. He sees history unfold with the ineluctable pattern of a Greek tragedy. Each event snaps into its historic groove, and the whole forms a pre-

ordained structure in which such ephemeral things as struggles for power are no longer significant. But fortunately Mr. Carr is too good a master of his craft for these predilections to colour his narrative. The result is that the evidence which he adduces does not always support the interpretation which he invites us to make. For example, in his last volume he warned us not to attach too much importance to the issues of power during this period, but to look for the explanation of the political struggles more in the economic forces which engendered them. Yet the political intrigues described in this volume are meaningless unless they are seen as what they were—the efforts of Stalin to eliminate a powerful rival, Zinoviev, from control over the vital Leningrad, the last party stronghold which still maintained in 1925 some independence. Neither ideology nor economics determined this particular battle for Zinoviev's downfall: on the contrary, it was the fact of the struggle which led to the invention of the economic or ideological argument—even so vital an argument as 'socialism in one country'.

It is perhaps due to his sense of the inevitable that Mr. Carr nowhere suggests what seems to one reader the obviously most important reason both for Stalin's victory over his rivals, including Trotsky, and for the growth of his stranglehold over the party. The communists during this period were still a small, unpopular minority, ruling by naked force, and nothing short of a 'monolithic' party machine could ever have kept them in power at all. In such circumstances Stalin was undoubtedly the best, if not the only, man to run this machine. But these are reflections on Mr. Carr's view of history, not criticisms of his scholarship, for which he has once again earned the gratitude of all who are concerned with the facts of Soviet history.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO

Berenson. By Sylvia Sprigge.

Allen and Unwin. 35s.

Mrs. Sprigge first met Berenson when he was eighty, in 1945, and a new recruit was added to that bevy of admirable matrons who had become B.B.'s favourite substitute for Eckermann. This one, however, wanted to write about him, and he reluctantly gave permission for a 'portrait'—which has expanded into something on the scale of a biography. One can hear him repeating one of his most pleasing rebukes, which Mrs. Sprigge quotes in its original context: 'I always knew you were an angel, but I did not know you were a recording angel.'

Berenson has given us substantial glimpses of himself in his own writings—especially in *Sketch for a Selfportrait*: and late in her life, too late, alas! Mary Berenson began to arrange a series of letters with biographical comment. But this 'unfinished life', which Mrs. Sprigge has been able to see, never seems to have gone beyond about 1900. Mrs. Sprigge has also enjoyed certain other advantages. In his last years B.B.'s memory turned back not unreluctantly to his Lithuanian childhood, and he was willing to speak of this, as he never was of his New England youth; the book opens with a most interesting and sympathetic account of the strange world in which B.B.'s first ten years must have been lived. This is a real contribution to the understanding of a most complex personality. In 1875, when B.B. was ten, the Valvrojenski family changed its name to Berenson and

migrated to Boston, to the wrong side of the railroad tracks, and it is in 1884 that the young man first emerges as a recognizable figure as an undergraduate at Harvard. In the summer of 1887 he left Harvard for Europe and he was never to be 'at home' in America again. The first period of his life closes in 1887, and Mrs. Sprigge has done some remarkable research and built up from meagre documents what convinces one as a true impression of the young man's self-training towards becoming heir to the white culture of Europe. I fancy she underestimated the influence of Charles Eliot Norton and there is no mention of E. P. Warren, who probably contributed a good deal to enabling B.B. to complete his education at Harvard.

It was only under the impact of Europe, and especially of Italy in 1888, that the bent of B.B.'s mind became irrevocably directed towards the history of art. The second and most important part of his life begins in 1888 and really only closes with the entry of America into the second world war. This is the part that matters, and, except for his marriage, it is wholly lacking in the sort of 'events' which a biographer needs to mark the stages of his book. For instance, the Berensons were in England in August 1914: November they went to stay with Edith Wharton in Paris: in 1916 they were again in Paris and B.B. attended his first Harvard dinner at the Ritz: 'the end of the war found them staying at the Ritz in Paris'. What is a biographer to do? The important thing in Berenson's life was what happened inside him and not what happened outside him: in his writings, and his influence on the steady flow of young scholars who came to him as his disciples. Unfortunately Mrs. Sprigge has no more idea what an art historian is than the man in the moon. She seems to have read much of B.B.'s correspondence with Mrs. Jack Gardner, but it does not seem to have grasped what B.B. was trying to do through Mrs. Gardner, and later through Duveen, for the orchestration of American collecting. She gives the impression that B.B. became Morelli's pupil in a quite literal sense—although he hardly met Morelli more than three or four times—and she never mentions Professor Offner as a pupil of Berenson's, and nearly passes over Sir Kenneth Clark. Her evaluations of B.B.'s contributions to scholarship are rudimentary.

The qualities of B.B.'s talk at its best are probably beyond capture. I must confess I have never found it sometimes unbearable 'Society', but entrancing when there was temptation to show off for the wrong reasons. It might perhaps have been conveyed if Harold Acton had had the ear of Firkbank, but Mrs. Sprigge's instrument is insufficiently sophisticated. When she comes to his old age, when he knew him personally, her reporting is excellent and sympathetic, and one can hardly blame her for failing to catch a falling star. There are interesting contributions on bits of B.B.'s work—Michael Field, Vernon Lee, and Eugene Strong, though the last was more sympathetic to B.B. than Mrs. Sprigge thinks (it was Arthur Strong who was jealous of him). But the *white ambiente* never comes to life. It would be well to do, and one hopes that his executors will control the access to his vast correspondence and will entrust the charge to 'some fine Italian hand'. Mrs. Sprigge's book will certainly be read by most with fascination—and with an appetite for more.

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long, block-lettered dialogues or thinkings aloud, with emphatic words in black: no stock characters, no square frames, no balloons, no winks, no nudges and not a damn thing explained. And, strangest of all, a deep, wry seriousness behind the comedy—so that, depending upon mood and matter, a Feiffer-addict may respond to a Feiffer cartoon by shouting for joy or by going away quietly to weep and wonder.

A young man called Bernard (but sometimes Howard) loses battles against his girl, his boss, his friends ("you can't win you can't win you can't win"). A long-robed patriarch 'reviews' the Old Testament—favourably. An Oedipus-like figure on a psychiatrist's couch skims through his lurid life ("My daughter's seeing you tomorrow. Boy, has she got problems.")

Jules Feiffer is young, unmarried, hip, an Eastern American with inherited puritanism, a citizen of Greenwich Village with a pass to every other Bohemia. Of his readers in *The Observer*, a majority says nothing, while two minorities applaud and hiss. It's a test of something . . . and not merely of cleverness. It's liable to grow on you. Have you discovered where you stand?

J.B.L.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Rape of Europa

WHAT SHALL WE DO with Eurovision now we have got it? It is, after all, a pretty expensive toy. Most of the 'international' arts—the wordless ones, music, ballet and the like, upon which the shadow of the tower of Babel does not fall—are unfortunately precisely those which have proved among the least amenable to the techniques of television. For all kinds of reportage and journalism, on the other hand—royal weddings in Brussels or football matches in Madrid—it is invaluable. That goes without saying. But the question remains: What then?

Some five months ago Mr. Aidan Crawley had a shot at answering it with his 'With Europe in View', conversations between distinguished persons sitting hundreds of miles apart: a brave but perhaps not a very successful experiment—it would have been at once cheaper and less distracting and more civilized to have brought together the bodies as well as the images of the conversers. Murrow's 'Small World' was the obvious model; but Murrow gets his effects by careful (perhaps over-careful) editing after the event and does not rely on visual linking. 'Eurovision Song Contest' (March 29) was less ambitious technically: it brought all its contestants together (into the Royal Festival Hall in fact) and used the Eurovision link merely to transmit the proceedings to the various countries of their origin—thirteen in all, and representing practically the whole of Western Europe outside the Balkans and the Iberian peninsula. The common factor was popular taste; but that is not to be deplored necessarily. A popular song can be a good thing on its own terms.

Indeed perhaps the most striking feature was the degree to which popular musical taste is now a common Western possession. There was a strange lack of national distinctions. In fact such distinctions

as there were were of time rather than geography: with exceptions, small countries and those bordering on the Curtain tended to produce material about fifteen years out of date. And how extraordinarily unoriginal and derivative (again with exceptions) most of the songs were! That may of course be something to do with the manner in which they were nationally selected: juries may pick only what reminds them of other songs they have long known and grown fond of. At all events, in the end one felt (what one rather often does not feel on such occasions) that justice had been done: the offerings of France and the United Kingdom seemed to stand clear ahead of a somewhat indifferent field, and sure enough they



Jacqueline Boyer of France, winner of the Eurovision Song Contest Grand Prix 1960, televised from the Royal Festival Hall on March 29

romped home by a resounding margin first and second.

In 'Close Up' (March 28), in the 'Eye on Research' series, Raymond Baxter took a look at the electron-microscope. The presentation had evidently been thought out, but one could not agree that the plan was altogether happy. First, we had an example of the practical use of this fabulous instrument. Then a piece of basic theory that, had we known it earlier, might have made that example intelligible. Then another example. Then more theory. And so on: cart, horse, cart, horse, cart, horse, all the way. One also noted again, with five guest speakers in thirty minutes, the fatal tendency to try to cram in, though in less megalomaniac form than one has known it.

Will they never learn? The ability to select and concentrate is after all basic equipment for any demonstrator or educator. Schools broadcasts



The Allegri Quartet seen in 'Profile of a Quartet', a film shown 'Monitor' on March 27

prove with such finality that one subject properly treated is worth more than half a dozen skimmed. 'Sound in Vision' (March 30), one of the 'Experiment' programmes, was better value, with clear explanations, delightful illustrations, and Arthur Garratt improved beyond recognition since last seen in that unhappy affair about gyroscopes.

I find I say less of 'Monitor' than that worthwhile series deserves; it may be that it pleases rather than stimulates to active comment but that fault, if it be one, may well lie principally with myself. At any rate on March 27 I saw a memorable item on the Allegri String Quartet, a brilliantly edited piece of work, impressionistic in the best sense, giving one a feel of the thing rather than the statistics. Other less notable were the review of the Epstein collection of primitive and exotic sculpture, and interview with that lightweight heavyweight William Saroyan.

Of other serial programmes 'Panorama' (March 28), investigating South Uist's reaction to the proposed training of Germans at rocket range there, showed the islanders to be a great deal more sense and humanity than the elected parliamentary representative. And Norrie Fisher away, the 'Brains Trust' mice did not (last Thursday) with unwonted wit and leanness under the less restricting tutelage of Robert H.

Speaking of mice, the Polish cartoon 'The Secret of the Old Castle' (March 28) was up to the very high national standard. Do not miss these.

HILARY CORKE

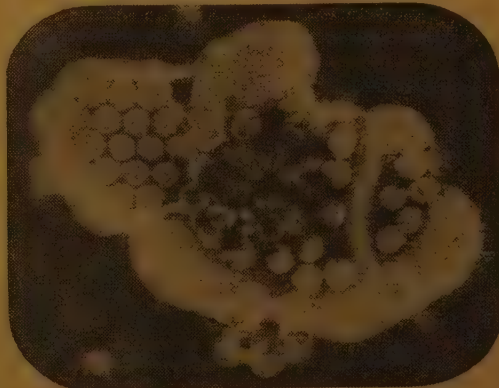
DRAMA

Refugee

THE STATELY TREAD of 'Twentieth Century Theatre' was halted last Sunday to make room for *The Price of Freedom*, a play by Maurine Quiney and John Heron marking the end of the World Refugee Year. This, heaven knows, surely one occasion on which the B.B.C.'s anniversary twitch might escape comment. On such subject motive matters very little; so as attention is paid, it doesn't matter whether the impulse arises from intense sympathy



'Eye on Research' in the series 'Close-up' on March 28: Mr. R. W. Horne of the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, explaining the workings of the electron-microscope, and (right) a picture, taken through this microscope, of several polio viruses at a magnification of about 750,000 times



John Cura

lective guilt, or an obsession with dates. What does matter is the effectiveness of the work, and here the production was sadly disappointing. I hope to be proved wrong, but I doubt whether it will have the smallest influence on immigration barriers or public subscription; still less bring about the change of heart to which Troy Kennedy Martin (the chapter) refers in his introductory note on the subject.

Television's most notable forerunner to this production was the United Nations Department of Public Information film, *Out*, which the B.C. transmitted three years ago. Made by Daniel Rogosin and with a searing commentary by John Hersey, this film stamped on the memory an indelible image of an Austrian refugee camp in which one in thirteen of the country's population lay 'rusting like iron in the rain'. I do not know what the present figures are, but, if one judged from *The Price of Freedom*, only a handful of them are worth bothering about. In place of the broad documentary sweep of *Out*, its generalized portrait of individuals suffering the corrosion of overcrowding, inertia,

and interminable waiting, the play restricted its sympathies to the lives of four main characters set against a would-be colourful background. A play, I know, is not a documentary, and it poses unavoidable technical limitations; in theory, I can accept the idea that drama offers a better route than documentary to the hearts of an audience. But, except in the hands of a master, I question whether the tragedies of the modern world are fair game for the 'creative writer'. Robert Ardrey understood this in his severely impersonal play on the Hungarian solution, *Shadow of a Doubt*. (Certainly the writer who makes use of them risks a charge of impertinence which the authors of *The Price of Freedom* can scarcely escape.)

I have never visited a refugee camp, but from what I have read of them and from experiencing the enforced inactivity of National Service, I see it as factually unarguable that human

character is eroded by compulsory vegetation. The play, far from admitting this, took the sting out of it by segregating the victims of the system as comic relief—a garrulous peasant woman, and three crafty old White Russian bootleggers included, as the handout aptly states, 'to provide illicit alcohol and much humour'. No pity for them.

The central quartet had it all; instead of being undermined by camp life they were built up as spiritually immune to it. The noble German woman treasuring the memory of her lost husband, the fiery young artist, a one-armed ex-violinist at whose appearance a spirited bit of unaccompanied Bach would unscrupulously assault the emotions—these were mere artefacts, disingenuously idealized. The one character who seemed native to



Alan Dobie as Aris and Tamara Hinchco as Therese in *The Price of Freedom* on April 3



Bernard Archard as Colonel Pinto and Brian Nissen as Ernst Sanders in 'Infernal Triangle' in the 'Spy-catcher' series on March 31

the camp was the stunted tubercular girl. George Pravda, Timothy Bateson, and Alan Dobie did what they could with their ungrateful parts; but it was Tamara Hinchco, her weary sunken features in close-up as her next posting order was read, who gave the production what justification it had.

J. B. Priestley's *I Have Been Here Before* (March 27) suffered considerable dramatic diminution from being compressed into the eleven meagre inches my set affords. No doubt some loss was inescapable. I do not see how television could find an equivalent for the spaciouly theatrical moment of Dr. Görtler's arrival at the lone Yorkshire inn to which his researches in eternal recurrence have led. But something could have been done about the doors. The text abounds in comings and goings many of which were needlessly emphasized by ugly visual breaks, severing attention from the main group to present yet another figure on the threshold. This is an un-

usual fault, for television can present exits and entrances more unobtrusively than the theatre.

Writing in *Radio Times* Mr. Priestley declares that the piece is not intended as a 'play of ideas', and that it 'is meant to appeal not to the intellect but to the emotions'. This seems a rather large admission, considering how much space he devotes to Görtler's exposition of the Ouspensky theory, and how little the characters communicate emotionally of their mysterious sense of mutual recognition. But, with or without its metaphysical framework, the play remains powerfully alive. The first staccato scene between Ormund and his wife condenses the back-log of their marital crack-up into half a dozen terse exchanges, and Ormund's eventual decision to relinquish her happily to the younger man is a real decision whether or not he arrived at it by switching to a new time track. Joseph Furst's Görtler, a sleek fanatical beaver, carried through the expository passages with intellectual passion; and Michael Hordern's Ormund had an edge of imaginative hysteria most satisfyingly resolved in his calm playing of the beautifully resonant last scene.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Obstinate Questionings

IT IS HELD by some philosophers that the right framing of questions is as creditable an activity as the mere answering of them. Yet, in my view, the most searching and fundamental questions are not asked by philosophers but by children. I have a two-year-old metaphysician who establishes her superiority on waking with the words: 'Where my dream gone?' Answer me that, who can.

A strange and moving thesis-play by Denis Saurat, *The End of Fear* (Third Programme, April 1) reminded me of these domestic questionings, and must have sent many listeners to considering their personal mythology and its possible origins in experience, fantasy, and the family. The programme was an illustrated argument on the nature of beliefs about death, and was conducted on at least three levels. The principal speaker is the son of Pyrenean peasants, and the debate is between himself and his mother. It moves forward in a logical progression through realistic scenes in which the mother teaches him traditional superstitions rooted in fear of the dead, a series of 'important' dreams of his childhood and early youth, and eloquent metaphysical interpretations of



I Have Been Here Before, on March 27: (left to right) William Russell Oliver Farrant, Ursula Howells as Janet Ormund, Michael Hordern as Walter her husband, and Joseph Furst as Dr. Görtler

dreams, events and beliefs. The case put by the son, or M. Saurat perhaps, is that the instinctive feelings and actions of his mother presented and resolved themselves in symbolical form in his dreams and were then translated by his adolescent self into 'the abstract configuration of philosophic thought'.

Less promising raw material for drama would be difficult to imagine. I must add, too, that the author's juggling with high-level abstractions—Liberty, Destiny, the One, the 'instinct of concentration', and so forth—would ordinarily rouse my dearest prejudices. But the 'discussion' was cogent within its own world and plainly sincere and the realization of crucial events concerned with death and fear in the mother's life was vivid in detail and emotionally credible. As a piece of personal anthropology this was an interesting experience successfully communicated.

In the extremely difficult part of the son Godfrey Kenton made a mass of complex exposition convincing which could easily have become dead talk, and merged into a sympathetic person the intellectual and a man who still belonged to a family with primitive beliefs. The mother (Nan Marriott-Watson) made emotional sense of her son's explanation of her journey through tribal terrors and real suffering to a sane peace. Terence Tiller's production evaded no difficulties and blurred no edges. The *musique concrète*, which is often obtrusive, fitted dreams of storm and panic on the mountains well. The translation never sounded secondhand.

The Razor's Edge (Home, March 28) made an entertaining period piece, rich in unintentional irony.* Somerset Maugham's wildest invention is his narrator—that urbane uncle-confessor to the rich and horrid with a store of saucy worldly sayings and a heart that invisibly bleeds for foolish lovers, dedicated artists, and the inevitably defeated good. In print this fancy blunt man gets away with the best of both worlds. Dramatized, even with Michael Hordern in the part, the convention breaks, and it seems unlikely that the wicked would risk his nosiness or the idealistic be bothered with him. This book was an extreme case of a tribute from worldly wisdom to selflessness and mysticism. Laurence Darrel (Marius Goring) is an ordinary young American who takes to metaphysics and Yoga in stale language and acquires improbable powers. He is loved, let slip, and grabbed at again by a girl who explains that she wants 'nice clothes and to stay at the best hotels' (Ursula Howells). Despite sound acting the worldly characters sounded unnaturally self-conscious and the mystic a poor fake. The story was neat and smooth enough, but it has at its core a condescension towards eccentric virtue which is disagreeable.

'Henry Cecil' has written several thrillers notable for mischievous wit and for inside knowledge of the manners and customs of the legal profession. *Alibi For A Judge* (Home, April 2), his own adaptation of a recent novel, was good fun and thoroughly contemptuous of court. It began with a man with a record being interviewed by policemen who suspect him of a bank robbery and use bullying tactics to get evidence. In court a prim judge (Ernest Milton) batters with sarcasm the claim of the defence that the stolen money had been given to the accused by the real thief, and gives him ten years.

After the trial, however, the judge feels he has been unfair and tries to have his verdict altered—an unprofessional move which causes embarrassment and ribaldry among his colleagues. Obstinate he helps the prisoner's pretty but untruthful wife (June Tobin) to prove the existence of the missing bank robber. He goes to racecourses with the lady and incidentally meets much indignity. A particularly good comic scene involves the headmaster of a public school (John Cazaban), a bilingual joker who can talk pure

Bermondsey and does so to the pompous. This head also has the excellent idea of keeping competitive statistics of the numbers of Old Boys of important schools who are run in for false pretences, bigamy, and the like. I liked this better than the legal stuff—authentic though that may have been.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



Where Man Belongs

LIBERALISM WAS NOT the first word we associated with Africa, even before the present tragedy; and it was all the more refreshing to hear one of the 'unheard liberals' last week. On March 28 the Third Programme repeated 'Don't Rock Our Boat*': a survey of Federation problems by a first-generation Rhodesian; and I think they were fortunate in finding Margaret Barnes. She made some eminently sane and balanced comments on African progress during the last sixty years, and she gave some prudent and much-needed encouragement. It was good to hear the voice of reason speaking for Southern Rhodesia, especially after the tumult and shouting in Trafalgar Square and elsewhere.

We heard a sequel to Mrs. Barnes when, on the Third Programme next day, four South African writers discussed the question 'Where Do I Belong?' Three of the speakers were black, one white, but all of them had made the break to this country, and two had done so without passports. 'I can write better outside', said one, 'because I am not angry all the time'. Even the white South African could see things more calmly here. But two facts emerged clearly: that the African who had known intolerance could never be detached as man or writer; and that while the black South African spoke continually of 'outside', and longed to go back to a contented country, the white South African spoke of England as 'home', was happily settled here, and rejoiced at the English accents of his children. South Africa (or so it seemed) did not belong to him: it was a gimcrack, reach-me-down substitute for England and the English way of life. I thought this was a useful and enlightening discussion. How different would it have been if it had been recorded after Sharpeville and the enforced state of emergency? Will there be a second discussion?

There was no doubt who belonged where in 'Iron Town' (Home Service, March 30): the story of Dowlais. Since I heard 'Master Mariner' the other week, I have been waiting eagerly for another import from Wales; for the Welsh have an uninhibited love of language that makes for fine radio, and there are too few broadcasts in which words are enjoyed and explored and refurbished, and not simply used. Dowlais was the pioneer community in industrial Wales, and I did get (pace Gracie Fields) an occasional glimpse of the biggest ironworks in the world. I caught sight of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia marvelling at the furnaces, and the women laughing in the streets, and the tombstones in church, and the 'brown and grey hunchback-huddled town'. But the programme snatched from the Welsh Home Service, with an all-Welsh cast, left no lasting impression except of an ironworks and some whole-hearted chapel singing.

The question of belonging and not belonging recurred in 'The Barrymores': (Home Service, March 31): a recollection of the Royal Family of Broadway. None of the Barrymores wanted to act, but they couldn't escape their heritage: the stage tradition that went back to the mid-eighteenth century. 'The right way to go on the stage', said Alexander Woolcott, 'is to be born there'. The three Barrymores, the three mighty individualists, were certainly born there,

and they struggled for the rest of their lives to escape. The results were high living, head-drinking, burning temperaments, and splendid if erratic performances. Mr. Gladwell got so of all this across, and (in the low voice of John Barrymore and the gay little memory from F. Compton) he did convey just a fraction of Barrymore charm.

By way of a postscript this week, I switched on 'Children's Hour' (Home Service, March 29), and I'm afraid things aren't what they used to be. Gone are the days when I listened entranced to *Island in the Mist*, and trembled at Chang-li, the Chinese villain! Tuesday's offering was dully informative: we had the results of a nature competition, with a few miscellaneous facts and figures thrown in. Then came a dress series of folk songs and, finally, a monthly notebook for older children called 'Something about London'. This time the theme of the programme was London and water: a promising theme that (to me) was simply wasted. Well, I did salvage one or two scraps of information. But I hoped I should still enthuse over 'Children's Hour'; instead I shared the boredom which was all too evident in the studio.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Footnotes to a Dilemma

WHETHER BY INTENTION or not, the accent of this week's broadcast music seems to have been religious, what with the Requiems of Fauré and Dvořák, and Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* (Third, April 2). Of this I managed to hear only the last, in a notably well sung performance from Manchester under Sir John Barbirolli, which nevertheless allowed drama to degenerate at times into mere theatricality. What a strangely moving work it is, a mixture of private religious intensity closely derived (practically cribbed, in places) from *Parsifal* with elements of that bluff 'Englishness' that was to dominate Elgar's public personality more and more in later years.

How would it have appealed, I wonder, to a speaker in the previous night's discussion 'Composing for Worship' who had drawn apparently simple a distinction between 'fine, broad, healthy melody' and 'sentimental chromaticism'? This discussion, centring on Rev. Erik Routley's recent book, *Church Music and Theology*, started more hares than it caught. This was only to be expected, but one sense there were latent disagreements between the speakers which good manners obscured while they might more profitably have been aired.

Nor was any of the speakers—the composer Herbert Howells, Alec Robertson and Routley himself—willing to take the pessimistic line that in this day and age good new liturgical music may be an impossibility. Presumably none of them believed this, yet there is surely something to be said for the view. I suppose there would be fairly general agreement that since the sixteenth century great composers (together with all other creative artists) have pursued the quest of individual expression, and that as a result they have given us much sublime religious music but very little that can honestly be called liturgical. Bach is certainly no exception, for though his passions and cantatas had a place within Lutheran services of his time they are not essential part of it. If this is true of Bach it applies with still more force to Beethoven, Verdi, to Fauré, to Janáček—all of whom and us their highly individual commentators have interpretations of the Christian services. Simpler composers of simpler faith have managed to compose fine music that is, at any rate within the conventions of their time, liturgical; but masses of Haydn and Schubert and Dvořák hardly rank among their greatest works.

Yet can even the sixteenth century supply modern churchmen with a well-founded example of music that is at once first-rate and genuinely original? The talismanic name of Palestrina is to mind, and he indeed is one of the rarest of composers of unquestionable genius, liberally subduing the elements of personal expression within his musical idiom to the needs of communal worship. Communal? Yes, but in a very limited sense! Palestrina's masses were written for specialized professional choirs in the service of patrons who were none the less keenly for being, for the most part, princes of the church. In an aristocratic society the taste of the ruling classes and the technique of creat- ing artists naturally have a reciprocal influence on one another, but what relevance can this have to the churchmen of today, in a society

where the leaders of church and state are rarely in touch with the art of their own time (or the artists with them, it must be said), and where they can in any case no longer impose their taste upon the mass of common folk among whom the churches' work must be carried on? Simultaneously to call for more popular participation in services and to deplore 'vulgarity', as one of the speakers in this discussion did, seemed plaintive and, in the last resort, irrelevant.

Perhaps I was out of sympathy with these well-meaning attempts to discover a validly impersonal style, because the programme immediately before had been a triumph of supremely personal musicianship. The last in the series of commemorative broadcasts of Hugo Wolf had been entrusted, with real imagination, to Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten. Some of the pre-

vious broadcasts in the series, though they have kept to a fairly high average standard, had made one wonder whether there were any singers left who could really penetrate Wolf's world and bring fully to life the intensely personal quality of his songs. Pears did precisely this. From the half-languid ecstasy of 'Ganymed' to the half-humorous contemplation of 'Wenn ich dein gedenke' he scored a series of expressive bull's-eyes—with one exception. The 'Spottlied' ('Ich armer Teufel') calls for an earthy robustness that Pears simply cannot simulate. Yet this failure served only to emphasize his achievement in the remainder. Britten's accompaniment was as full of musical detail as one would expect, but I must protest against the recorded balance, which often subordinated it too much to the voice.

JEREMY NOBLE



Vaughan Williams's Musical Language

By DERYCK COOKE

'The Pilgrim's Progress' will be broadcast at 7.20 p.m. on Sunday, April 10 (Third)

IT IS LESS than two years since the trumpets sounded on the other side for Vaughan Williams, so the time hardly ripe for a proper assessment of his work. However, it seems clear already that he occupies an anomalous position among composers, in that his truly great works were not written until very late in his life. *Job* (1930) was completed when he was fifty-eight, and the symphonies Four, Five, and Six when he was sixty-three, seventy-one, and seventy-five respectively. None of his other works approaches these in mastery, though the *Sinfonia antartica* must surely be recognized as a miracle of imaginative re-painting and heroic grandeur for the work of an octogenarian.

Strangely enough, the composition of this work which was expected to surpass everything he had written in the opera or 'morality' *The Pilgrim's Progress*—has been almost unanimously written off as a failure; when it was produced at Covent Garden in 1951, none but the faithful had a word to say for it. This judgment will stand as a blot on his name, though the music is crucially important in a way I shall indicate later. Despite special pleading, the fact remains that the work is, for the most part, weak in inspiration and badly composed. It begins splendidly enough, with the noble hymn-tune 'York', Bunyan's rapt narration, the bright fanfare symbolizing the quest, the grinding harmonies portraying Pilgrim's distress, and his desperate crying cry of 'What shall I do?'. But when the Evangelist appears, three deficiencies intrude: a surfeit of material, mechanical repetition, and a lack of sectional construction.

The Evangelist is characterized sketchily by two words. Such a compact idea can, of course, be extremely significant (one remembers Hagen in *Verdammung*), but Evangelist's E flat major and D minor are weak in impact—too weak to stand exact restatement each time he appears (twelve repetitions in all). And the sectional construction soon becomes painfully evident: there is a simple alternation of Pilgrim's distress music, Evangelist's two-chord motive, and a radiant theme whenever salvation is mentioned, some rather obvious and repetitive 'terror' music for the Neighbours. None of these is developed, but merely reiterated, with hardly any alteration, at the appropriate moment. And the weaknesses persist; several of the later scenes are even balder examples of motivic rework than Scene 1. The best things are the main relaxed interludes—the Watchman's

Nocturne and *The Delectable Mountains*—from which, significantly, the main motives are absent.

How to account for Vaughan Williams's failure? After all, Bunyan was his abiding inspiration, and when he completed the opera, at seventy-seven, he was at the height of his powers. It would seem that he meditated on it for too long (*The Delectable Mountains* dates from 1922, and other passages belong to the Fifth Symphony of 1943); and in the meantime the inspiration drawn from Bunyan had been used up, magnificently, in the three great symphonies. In the opera the materials of the symphonies were employed again, drained of vitality and organized in a mechanical way.

But this is what makes *The Pilgrim's Progress* so fascinating to the student of Vaughan Williams. Together with the *Sinfonia antartica*, it is a kind of handbook of the composer's musical vocabulary, in which the terms are set out in their simplest form, their various connotations ratified by words and dramatic situations. Vaughan Williams, like Wagner in his mature music-dramas, used a symbolic musical language consistently in one work after another, to express various aspects of his enduring metaphysical vision; and *The Pilgrim's Progress* is the key.

Commentators (notably Hugh Ottaway in *The Musical Times* of October 1953) have pointed out several cross-references between the 'salvation' music of the opera and Symphony Five: Evangelist's first words of hope to Pilgrim, in Scene 1, together with the music of the House Beautiful and the hymn 'Who would true valour see' (both in Act I, Scene 2), are identical with passages in the Symphony. But what has not been noticed is that the darker elements of Symphonies Four and Six are also present in the opera (as they are in the *Sinfonia antartica*).

To take a simple example: Pilgrim sings his desperate opening cry of 'What shall I do?' in the first scene, to a striking melodic phrase which will be recognized as identical with part of the big unison string theme in the opening movement of Symphony Four. This helps to explain the feeling of oppression and terror which the symphonic theme evokes; and the matter is clinched when, in the *Antartica*, the same melody is hurled out clamorously at the awe-inspiring climax of the movement portraying the terrifying 'landscape' of the frozen wastes.

Again, when Pilgrim, a little further on in the opening scene, asks Evangelist 'How can I rid me of this burden?', he sings the words to a

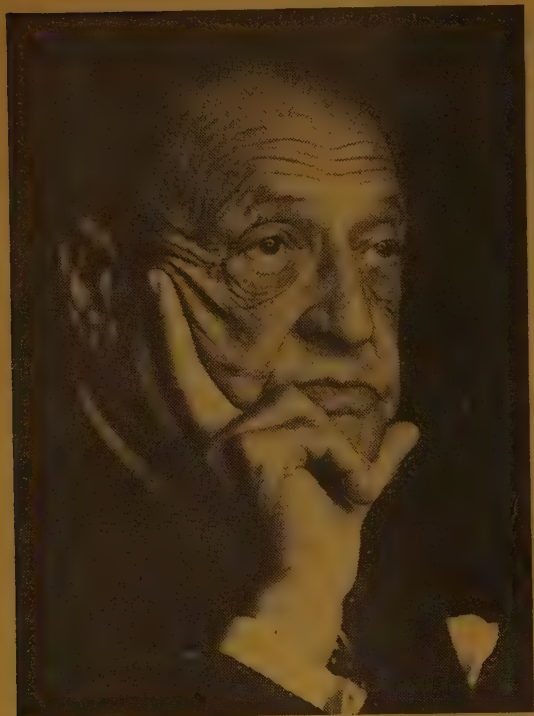
melody which matches them perfectly, revolving impotently in a cramped pattern of three notes. Since this exact pattern is the whole basis of the finale of Symphony Six, the operatic use of it illuminates that extraordinary and enigmatic movement, about which there has been so much controversy, by justifying the reaction of those who have found in it a sense of uneasy and powerless searching. The interpretation is corroborated by the *Antartica*, in which the explorers' first glimpse of the menacing landscape they have to conquer is represented by exactly the same pattern of notes.

A further example can be heard at the beginning of Act III, Scene 2—*Pilgrim in Prison*. The opening viola theme is later sung by Pilgrim to the words 'All they that see me laugh me to scorn'. Now this very phrase—played and sung slowly in the opera—is used for the violent opening of Symphony Six, but at top speed: the sense of despair and protest in the opera reappears here in much more agitated form. Once again the *Antartica* verifies the connotation: its opening theme, portraying the ascent of the glacier, and the noble fanfare representing the explorers' heroic spirit, are both pulled down again and again by this despairing melodic phrase.

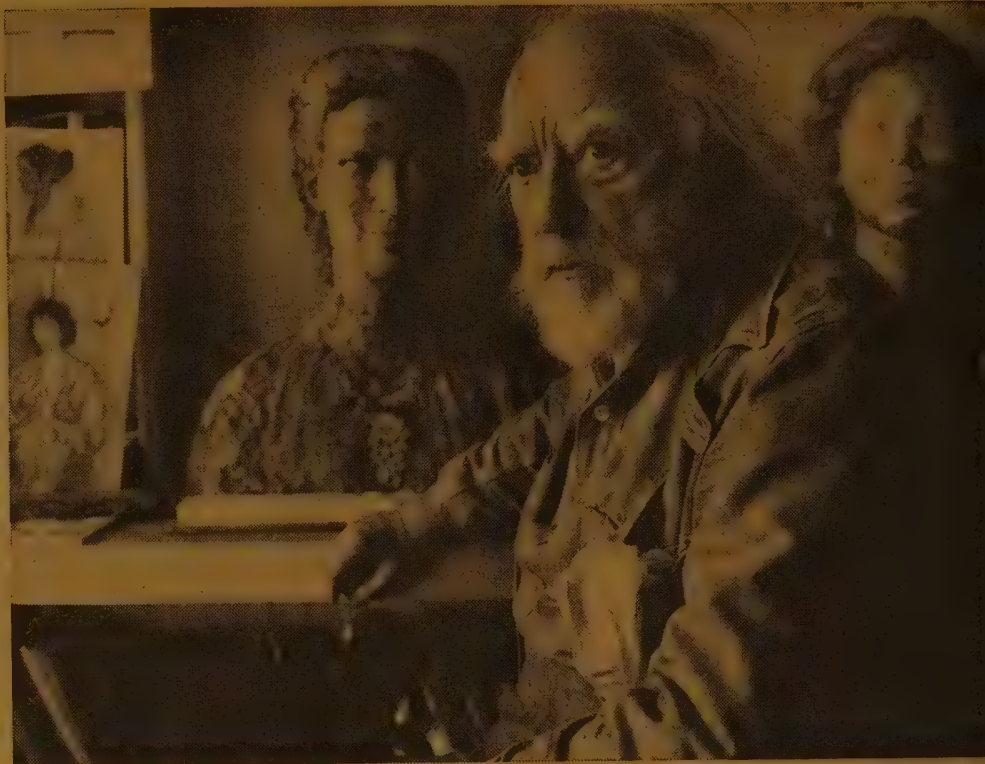
These three melodic terms are but a few of the many in Vaughan Williams's musical language which pervade the works of his late maturity. Interpretation of them depends not on the literal significance of the texts or situations to which they are attached but on the feelings behind these—terror, powerlessness, despair, or, in the brighter music, faith and hope of salvation. A detailed study of the whole question would elevate Vaughan Williams above the rather uncritical adulation of his admirers and the equally uncritical contempt of his detractors, to reveal him as a composer of remarkable breadth, intensity, and consistency of vision.

But only at his best. It should be emphasized that the value of an expressive musical work does not reside merely in the emotive power of its thematic material (though this is, of course, a *sine qua non*) but ultimately in the mastery with which the material is built up into a unified, coherent, and continuously significant work of art. The terms of musical language which are stated so flatly and handled so ineffectively in the opera (for the most part) are developed at length into satisfying forms in the symphonies. The opera is only a glossary: it is the symphonies which are the true dramas.

PORTRAITURE IN PHOTOGRAPHS



Somerset Maugham



Augustus John in his studio



A selection from an exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery of more than 100 photographs of artists and writers taken by Miss Ida Kar in England, France, and the Soviet Union. They are on view until May 1.



The late Sir Stanley Spencer, with the umbrella which accompanied him wherever he went

Left: Reg Butler working on one of his sculptures

Work in the Greenhouse

By F. H. STREETER



THOSE WHO have a small greenhouse will find there is plenty to do at this season. The biennials sown earlier are ready for pricking out into other boxes. Instead of crocks for drainage, I suggest using a sifted manure. Make the soil firm with a trowel or piece of flat board that will fit the box. The compost should consist of loam, leaf-mould and sand, or John Innes No. 2 if you have it. The usual six-inch by eight-inch seed boxes will take forty-eight plants. Make the holes deep enough to receive the roots without cramping them and firm the soil round each plant. Give the boxes a good finish, and place them on the staging where they are constantly under your eye. Water them in with warm water, and shade them from any strong bursts of sun by laying paper over the box, just above the plants. Always handle the plants by the seed leaves if you can—never touch the stems. As soon as they get established and are growing freely, move them into cooler quarters—a cold frame would be right. The first plants ready for pricking out are antirrhinums. Do not let them stay in the seed box too long, otherwise they dry out and become weak and drawn. It is time to sow petunias. This is a useful plant for bedding, window boxes, vases, or for growing in pots. The plants go on flowering for

months, there are many colours, and they are no trouble to grow. They cover the ground quickly and do not seem to be troubled with any pests—altogether desirable bedding plants. Sown now, they will be right for putting out in May.

The cinerarias are just throwing up their flower heads. This is the time to give them a weekly feed. It is wonderful what a difference it can make to these plants. First, make sure the soil is moist; never feed a dry plant. As the pot is a mass of roots, it will quickly dry out. You must guard against those sudden bursts of sun, which are getting strong now and will quickly burn the leaves. It is a little too early for permanent shading; plants must have light to keep them sturdy.

After the cinerarias comes the schizanthus. If you are growing a few specimen plants, say in seven-inch pots, they will need a thin green bamboo to tie the leader to. Keep this straight. Sometimes a few of the longest branches need a loose tie, but do not alter the shape of your plant. A well-grown schizanthus will flower from top to bottom if encouraged. When these plants develop they will take a feed every day; little and often is the secret with them. I know many people can manage them only in five-inch pots and possibly have to grow them on the shelf, but I have seen

them bedded out, even in some London gardens.

To follow the schizanthus bring along a few hydrangeas. Select from the frame those which have fat buds showing the green leaves. In a few weeks you will see the heads of flower coming through inside. Do not let these plants suffer from drought: they must never get dry. I should fumigate them as soon as you can, in case of greenfly; make sure the leaves are dry, otherwise the edges of the young leaves may get damaged by scorching. When you buy hydrangeas and want a blue, ask for a blue variety, because many of them will not take on the blueing, no matter what you give them. There are also pink, white, and red.

The hydrangea has become a first-class house plant, and, if you want to raise your own, once you have your stock put a few of the young growths into a sandy compost in a closed frame or box, with a sheet of glass over. Keep them moist and shaded, and they will root quickly. Next year they should be lovely flowering plants, with three to five heads.

If you feel your outdoor hydrangeas are getting weak and thin, just cut out a few of the tallest branches close to the ground. This will encourage new shoots and quickly rejuvenate the plant. A mulch with peat or leaf soil or manure will give them extra life.

—From a talk in the Home Service

Inter-University Bridge 'Quiz'—IV

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE FIRST ROUND of the inter-university 'quiz' was commenced in the programme broadcast on April 3, in London University, represented by Mr. Bergmann and Mr. D. Quibell, met Mr. P. Flynn and Mr. K. Hayton of Leeds University. The first part of the contest was concerned with the following hand:

♠ K 5
♥ A 10 9 7 4
♦ 6
♣ K Q 8 4 3

Your opening bid as dealer, with neither side vulnerable? One Heart was adjudged to be the reasonable choice. None the less, two of the contestants voted for One Club, preparing, they put it, for a response of One Diamond. The view of the judges was that a spade response would be no less embarrassing than would be a second response after an opening bid of One Heart, and it was therefore wisest not to suppress the major suit.

To the opening of One Heart partner reads Two Diamonds. What is your rebid? The contestants all found the best answer of Hearts.

(c) Continuing the sequence:

1 H 2 D
2 H 2 S
?

Two No Trumps would have scored a maximum two points. All four players scored a consolation award of one point for their choice of Three Clubs.

(d) 1 H 2 D
2 H 2 NT
?

Three No Trumps scored two points, with one consolation point for Three Clubs.

(e) Partner opens One Heart: you respond Three Clubs: partner bids Three Hearts. What should you bid now? Four Hearts was considered best, with consolation awards for Three Spades and Five Hearts.

London led at this stage by 16 points to 14, but were overtaken in the next stage, when the following hands had to be bid, with dealer East at Love All:

WEST	EAST
♠ A K 9 2	♠ Q 7 3
♥ Q 5 2	♥ A K 9 4 3
♦ A 9 3 2	♦ K Q 10 7
♣ 9 8	♣ 4

If permitted, South would intervene with Two Clubs on the first round. London Uni-

versity reached the wrong slam, as follows:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
—	—	1 H	2 C
2 S	No	3 S	No
4 D	No	5 D	No
5 S	No	6 S	No
No	No		

Although it depended on little more than a favourable trump division, no points were awarded since there were two very much better slams available. Leeds scored maximum for Six Diamonds, bid as follows:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
—	—	1 H	2 C
2 D	No	3 D	No
3 S	No	4 NT	No
5 H	No	6 D	No
No	No		

Finally, the competitors were asked to say how they would play the heart suit, given adequate entries to both hands, and to estimate their chances of five heart tricks.

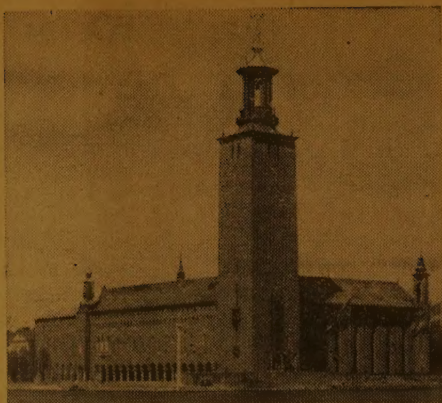
The answer to the first part was to lay down the Queen first, providing a finessing position should North hold the outstanding cards. About 73 per cent. was the best answer to the second part.

Leeds increased their advantage and ran out winners by 32 points to 21.

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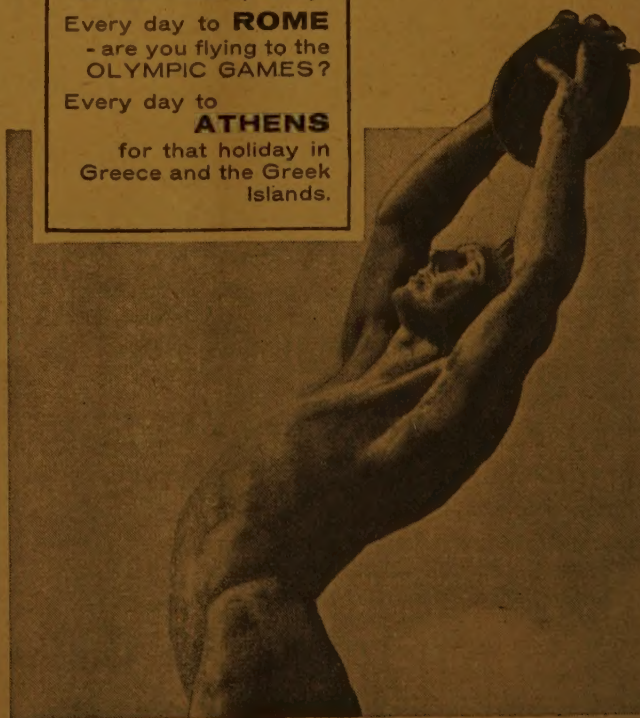
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FWS

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



Stuffed Lamb

BEST END of neck is delicate in flavour, and if you have the chine removed, you will find carving is much easier; and with the bone gone, it is easy to add orange stuffing. Make the stuffing with 2 despoons of chopped onion fried in butter, mixed with 4 tablespoons of breadcrumbs, 2 despoons of mixed herbs, an egg, and the rind and juice of an orange.

ANNE WILD
—'Shopping List' (Home Service)

Tropical Sponge

For this sponge you will need:

eggs
oz. of caster sugar
oz. of self-raising flour
pt. of double cream
oz. of crystallized ginger
oz. of plain chocolate
breakfast-cup (about 6 oz.) of icing sugar
gill of top of milk or thin cream
Lum to taste (about 3 teaspoons)

To make the sponge, separate yolks from whites of eggs, and whip the whites until they form stiff peaks. Blend in the sugar lightly and the yolks gently until the mixture is evenly coloured yellow. Sift the flour twice and fold in gently with a metal spoon or spatula. Turn the mixture into a previously greased eight-inch cake tin (three inches deep), which has been dusted with a mixture of flour and caster sugar. Bake in a moderate oven at 350° F. or gas

mark 3, until firm to the touch (springy on top) and leaving the sides of the tin. (Do not attempt to test for at least thirty minutes.) Turn out, cool and fill after splitting into two layers.

To make the filling chop the ginger and 1 oz. of the chocolate into small pieces. Beat the ½ pint of double cream until it holds its shape; blend in rum; fold in chocolate and ginger.

For the icing melt 2 oz. of the chocolate over very hot water, stir in icing sugar, very gradually, then stir the thin cream in slowly. Add one tablespoon of boiling water, and while still hot swirl over cooled cake-top.

E. SUNDERLAND
—Television 'Cookery Club'

Spread the Load

Some floor finishes nowadays form a permanent feature of the house, and it has therefore become essential to avoid excessive indentation of the surface. Pitchmastic and thermoplastic floor tiles, as well as linoleum, all tend to be indented by heavy loads.

The easiest way to avoid indentation is to spread the load by increasing the area to which it is applied. For example, a chair weighing 50 pounds and supported on castors may exert a pressure of several hundredweight a square inch. On the other hand, if the castors are removed the weight of the chair will be spread over an appreciable area so that the load carried by each leg may then be only about 10 to 15 pounds a square inch. What I usually do with furniture that is going to stand on a relatively soft floor

finish is to take the castors off and stick a piece of felt on the base of each leg. This spreads the load and makes it easy to slide the piece of furniture over the floor without scratching. There are, however, many useful devices on the market for helping to spread the load, but the selection of any particular device must depend upon the piece of furniture.

H. J. ELDRIDGE
—'Today' (Home Service)

Notes on Contributors

JOHN ZIMAN (page 599): Lecturer in Physics, Cambridge University, and Fellow of King's College

BRUCE MILLER (page 601): Professor of Politics, Leicester University; author of *Richard Jebb and the Problem of Empire*, *The Commonwealth in the World*, etc.

PETER LASLETT (page 607): Lecturer in History, Cambridge University, and Fellow of Trinity College; editor of *Sir Robert Filmer's Patriarcha*, etc.

H. H. LAMB (page 613): a principal scientific officer in the research department of the Meteorological Office

G. J. WARNOCK (page 616): Lecturer in Philosophy, Oxford University, and Tutor at Magdalen College; author of *English Philosophy since 1900*, etc.

DERYCK COOKE (page 639): Assistant, Music Department, B.B.C., 1947-1959; author of *The Language of Music*

Crossword No. 1,558

Northern Lights—VII

By Log

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 14. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Letters N, S, E, and W, and the pairs NE, SE, SW, NW are to be represented in the diagram by arrows pointing in the direction in which the letters are to be placed, North lying at the top of the puzzle for horizontal, and at the right-hand side for vertical, lights.

Thus:

← 1 → represents WISE (A)
A A WAS (U)
↑ → T NEAT (D)
TEN (B)

The unclued lights have a common quality to which the 53A may give a hint. One marked * is reversed. (B = back, U = up.) The unchecked letters and arrows make YEOMAN MAY MIND WIG.

CLUES—ACROSS

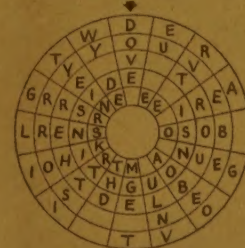
8. Turns over so I curl over (11)
13. Put on (3)
15. 21A.s (10)
- 16K. Greeting in and on an unclued light (3)
17. Pert (4)
18. Murmuring sounds (6)
- 20-37A. The 32D, after the 39A. (5-2)
21. See 15A. (4)
23. See 7D.
26. See 11U.
27. Bony fish genus. We have a gibbous species (5)
29. Dry (3)
- 31-33. Its root is mixed into coffee (7)
- 34-33. Powder (7)
36. Bovine esters (6)
37. See 20A. With 59D., prospect (4)
38. If you don't read proof, musician composes a city (4)
39. See 20A. (6)
42. Binds (4)
44. Clew is its bay (4)
45. Stir our pot (6)
49. Bear-guard (8)
50. Possess another's (3). See 28D.
- 52-20A. Far apart (8)
53. See preamble (5)
55. Arch approach to horse (4)
56. See 48U.
57. See 48U.
58. Pig (3)
61. Attic King (7)

DOWN

- 1U. 26A (4) the Scots —s at his feet (5)
2. 'My sinful earth . . . these — powers array' (5)

3. Sharp. See 25D. (5)
4. The 40s do it (4)
5. Personal inspection (7)
6. Figures (5)
- 7-23A. All a poor man had (3-4)
9. Sea (5)
10. Checks (5)
11. Smoothly (6)
12. See 30D.
14. Founded New Harmony (4)
19. Musician (3). See 28D.
22. From end to end (4)
24. Some of us (3)
25. Once 3D. brought it; now you 57A. it yourself (3)
28. 19D. and 50A. sound like this actress (6)
30. If you 57A. up again, you will have this, and done a 12D. (12) too (8)
32. See 20A.
35. Water (7)
37. Cheap (7, abb.)
40. Tommy (3)
41. 21A. (5)
43. False (5)
46. Crowd (5)
- 47U. See 48U.
- 48U. Told 56B. 57A. her 47U. (5)
51. Played by one or four (4)
54. Used to run to Crewe (init) (3)
59. See 37A.
60. Honour for un-paid papering (2)

Solution of No. 1,556



NOTE

The word EDEN opens the safe and there 'is nought inside' (reading clockwise round the fourth disc from the outside).

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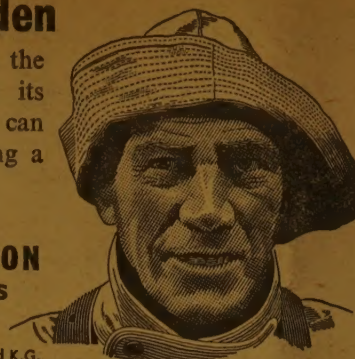
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